

THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*The Life, and posthumous Writings, of William Cowper, Esq. With an introductory Letter to the Right Honourable Earl Cowper. By William Hayley, Esq. 2 Vols. 4to. Large Paper 3l. 18s. 6d. Small Paper 2l. 12s. 6d. Boards. Johnson. 1803.*

DISTINGUISHED for a peculiar power to raise in the mind images of benevolence, patriotism, and piety, rather than for correct taste, unsullied diction, or enchanting numbers, the poems of Cowper have obtained a popularity honourable to the feelings of our countrymen.

‘His virtues form’d the magic of his song.’

These virtues remain with us no more:—to record their memory is the melancholy lot of Mr. Hayley, whose copious and interesting narrative will often delight and often agitate the sensibility of his readers.

An introductory letter, addressed to earl Cowper, explains the motives of this undertaking, and invites the noble earl to estimate a poem of his relative—*The Task*—as a jewel of pre-eminent lustre in the coronet of his own nobility. Poetical distinctions, worthily obtained, to the eye of Mr. Hayley, ‘eclipse all common honours.’

With an amiable impatience—after he has enlarged on the poet’s lively sweetness and sanctity of spirit, his tenderness and purity of heart—the biographer proceeds, in language not entirely unaffected, to characterise his own labours.

‘I have endeavoured to execute what I regard as a mournful duty, as if I were under the immediate and visible direction of the most pure, the most truly modest, and the most gracefully virtuous mind, that I had ever the happiness of knowing in the form of a manly friend.’ Vol. i. p. vii.

In these applauses we cheerfully unite; but we cannot raise Cowper to the level of Spenser, without passing the boundary of just commendation*.

* The Poems of Cowper were reviewed in vols. 53 and 60; and the translation of Homer in the 4th vol. New Arr.

The events of the poet's life—his talents, his virtues, his singularities, and his misfortunes, related by a biographer of varied literary attainments—have a powerful claim on our attention, and induce us to epitomise an extended narration.

Mr. Hayley divides the life of Cowper into three parts, of which the first ends with his fiftieth year, the period of his appearing before the public as an author: the second part concludes with the publication of his *Homer*; and his death terminates the third.

Lady Hesketh, related and attached to Cowper in infancy, and during his last illness, prevailed on Mr. Hayley to assume an office which she was herself well qualified to execute, and entrusted to him many private letters, poems, and posthumous papers, the prominent objects of this work.

The ancestors of Cowper were anciently of respectable rank among the merchants and gentry of Sussex. In the beginning of the last century, two brothers of this family, eminent in the law, obtained seats in the house of peers. William became, in 1707, lord-chancellor; and Spencer Cowper, the immediate ancestor of the poet, a judge in the court of common pleas. Dr. John Cowper, the judge's second son, married Ann, daughter of Roger Donne, esq. of Ludham-hall in Norfolk; and of this marriage two sons, William the poet, and John, were the offspring. Dr. Cowper was chaplain to George the Second, and resided at the rectory of Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, 'the scene of the poet's infancy,' recalled in the pathetic verses on the portrait of his mother, who died in 1737, in child-bed, at the age of thirty-four.

The early loss of a mother, so necessary to a weak and sensitive child, was perhaps the source of that gloom which obscured his subsequent life. His constitution was naturally delicate; and diffidence and despondency, as he advanced in life, darkened into a periodical mental disorder. Among other corporeal ills, he was subject to inflammation of the eyes.

In the year of his mother's death he was sent to school, under the care of Dr. Pitman, of Market-street, Hertfordshire, and afterwards to Westminster; where, esteemed as a scholar, and acquainted with persons since conspicuous in the world, his moments were embittered by the persecution and puerile tyranny of his companions. To this circumstance may be attributable his aversion to public schools.

In 1749 he left Westminster, and, at the age of eighteen, was articled to Mr. Chapman, an attorney—a situation propitious neither to sensibility nor to literature.

He was doomed, at this time, to disappointment in a

youthful passion, the object of which Mr. Hayley has overlooked. Of his feeling, these tender lines, addressed to a female relative, will afford a proof.

' O prone to pity, generous, and sincere,
Whose eye ne'er yet refused the wretch a tear :
Whose heart the real claim of friendship knows,
Nor thinks a lover's are but fancied woes ;
See me—ere yet my destin'd course half done,
Cast forth a wand'rer on a wild unknown !
See me neglected on the world's rude coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost !
Nor ask why clouds of sorrow shade my brow !
And ready tears wait only leave to flow !
Why all, that soothes a heart, from anguish free,
All that delights the happy—palls with me !' Vol. i. p. 13.

The office of the attorney he exchanged for chambers in the Inner-Temple, where he resided as a student of law until the age of thirty-three, occasionally amusing himself with literature and poetry. Colman, Bonnel Thornton, and Lloyd, were among his acquaintance, and were assisted by him, particularly Lloyd, in their compositions. He wrote three papers in the *Connoisseur*, Nos. 119. 124. 138. Amidst the sprightliness of an epistle to Lloyd, written at the age of twenty-three, we discover apprehensions of that dejection which clouded his life. His reasons for addressing the Muse are—

' But to divert a fierce banditti,
(Sworn foes to every thing that's witty !)
That, with a black, infernal train,
Make cruel inroads in my brain,
And daily threaten to drive thence
My little garrison of sense :
The fierce banditti, which I mean,
Are gloomy thoughts, led on by Spleen.' Vol. i. p. 15.

The history which he has given of himself to Mr. Park, in 1792, is modest and unassuming.

" From the age of twenty to thirty-three, I was occupied, or ought to have been, in the study of the law; from thirty-three to sixty, I have spent my time in the country, where my reading has been only an apology for idleness, and where, when I had not either a magazine, or a review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age I commenced an author:—it is a whim, that has served me longest, and best, and will probably be my last." Vol. i. p. 19.

In his thirty-first year he was nominated to the offices of reading-clerk and clerk of the private committees in the

house of lords ; but his diffidence was alarmed at the mere idea of exhibiting himself in public. His friends procured for him the appointment of clerk of the journals in the same house, where an appearance in person was thought unnecessary : but a parliamentary dispute required his attendance at the bar.

‘ Speaking of this important incident in a sketch, which he once formed himself, of passages in his early life, he expresses, what he endured at the time, in these remarkable words : “ They, whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation—others can have none.”

‘ His terrors on this occasion arose to such an astonishing height, that they utterly overwhelmed his reason :—for altho’ he had endeavoured to prepare himself for his public duty, by attending closely at the office, for several months, to examine the parliamentary journals, his application was rendered useless by that excess of diffidence, which made him conceive, that, whatever knowledge he might previously acquire, it would all forsake him at the bar of the house. This distressing apprehension increased to such a degree, as the time for his appearance approached, that when the day so anxiously dreaded arrived, he was unable to make the experiment. The very friends, who called on him, for the purpose of attending him to the house of lords, acquiesced in the cruel necessity of his relinquishing the prospect of a station so severely formidable to a frame of such singular sensibility.’
Vol. i. p. 24.

His faculties were overwhelmed by this conflict ; and it became necessary to place him at St. Alban’s, under the care of Dr. Cotton, where, from December 1763 until the July following, he suffered under a mental derangement, removed, at length, by the skill and amiable manners of Dr. Cotton. A delicate silence veils the minute particulars of this awful calamity.

In June 1765 he resolved to abandon his profession ; and, by the advice of his brother John, took lodgings at Huntingdon, where he accidentally engaged the notice of Mr. W. C. Unwin, and was introduced to the father, formerly master of the free-school, to the mother and sister of this benevolent family. Mr. Unwin, Cowper describes as ‘ a man of learning and good sense, and as simple as parson Adams.’ The poet fascinated all the Unwins, who prevailed on him to leave a solitary lodging, and become part of their family. From this accident arose an extraordinary attachment to Mrs. Unwin, which death alone dissolved. She is invoked in *The Task*, as—

‘ the dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm, this twentieth winter, I perceive
Fast lock’d in mine.’

On this intimacy, the biographer remarks—

‘The attachment of Cowper to Mrs. Unwin, the Mary of the poet! was an attachment perhaps unparalleled. Their domestic union, tho’ not sanctioned by the common forms of life, was supported with perfect innocence.’ Vol. i. p. 30.

The charm of this unparalleled connexion is often warmly acknowledged in the letters of the poet to his friends.

Among his earliest correspondents were two lawyers—lord Thurlow, and Joseph Hill, esq. The latter has preserved many interesting memorials, of which Mr. Hayley has availed himself. To Mr. Cowper, of Park-house, Hartford, his cousin, he communicated, in 1767, his religious opinions, strongly tinged with enthusiastic faith. Calvinism, or the spirit of ‘*vital Christianity*,’ then pervaded the entire soul of Cowper.

Mr. Unwin died by a fall from his horse, which fractured his skull, in July 1767: but Cowper informs his cousin—

‘I shall still, by God’s leave, continue with Mrs. Unwin, whose behaviour to me has always been that of a mother to a son. We know not yet where we shall settle, but we trust, that the Lord whom we seek, will go before us, and prepare a rest for us.’ Vol. i. p. 63.

Mr. Newton, the curate of Olney, who visited Mrs. Unwin on this event, assisted her and the poet on their removal to Olney, in October 1767.

Cowper, who inherited no opulence from his father, was incapable of coveting or acquiring wealth: but the rich often engaged him in relieving the necessitous; and for Mr. Thornton, celebrated in his poems, he distributed various charities.

His mode of life at Olney was calculated to increase the morbid propensity of his mind, which one tremendous idea, not explained by Mr. Hayley, perpetually assailed.

‘The poet’s time and thoughts were more and more engrossed by religious pursuits. He wrote many hymns, and occasionally directed the prayers of the poor.’ Vol. i. p. 71.

In 1770 he was hurried to Cambridge, to witness the death of his brother John, fellow of Bennet-college, a man of learning, and an affectionate relative.

Consolated by the society of Mr. Newton, he composed sixty-eight hymns, which, in the volume completed by the clergyman for the inhabitants of Olney, are marked with the initial letters of the poet’s name.

From 1773 to 1779 a continued dejection oppressed the mind of Cowper. Cordially do we approve, with Mr. Hayley, those medical writers on mental disorder, who cautious-

ly guard a frame of the slightest tendency to this misfortune from the attractions of Piety herself.

' So fearfully and wonderfully are we made, that man in all conditions, ought perhaps to pray, that he never may be led to think of his Creator, and of his Redeemer either too little, or too much.' Vol. i. p. 87.

Mrs. Unwin watched over the poet in his lengthened malady with maternal tenderness. As he emerged from this gloom, before his mind was capable of literary occupation, he diverted himself with educating the group of young hares, celebrated in *The Task*.

In 1780, Mr. Newton, being presented to a living in London, introduced to the poet the Rev. Mr. Bull, of Newport-Pagnel, for whom Cowper translated, from the French, many parts of the spiritual songs of madame de la Motte Guyon. To the influence of friendship, we principally owe the writings of Cowper.

His exertions were relaxed until the spring of 1781. At this time, a letter to Mr. Hill discovers that he gratuitously assisted his neighbours with legal advice.

Half a century of life had passed before the poet appeared to the public as an author. In May 1781, he informed Mr. Hill that he had a work in the press, the production of the winter of 1780, except a few minor pieces. He thus describes his propensity to verse :—

' When I can find no other occupation, I think, and when I think, I am very apt to do it in rhyme. Hence it comes to pass that the season of the year which generally pinches off the flowers of poetry, unfolds mine, such as they are, and crowns me with a winter garland. In this respect therefore, I and my contemporary bards are by no means upon a par. They write when the delightful influences of fine weather, fine prospects, and a brisk motion of the animal spirits, make poetry almost the language of nature; and I, when icicles depend from all the leaves of the Parnassian laurel, and when a reasonable man would as little expect to succeed in verse, as to hear a black-bird whistle.' Vol. i. p. 105.

The Progress of Error, and other poetical subjects, were suggested by Mrs. Unwin.

On its publication, his first volume of poems—equal perhaps, in originality of manner, to the popular '*Task*'—was neglected. To the exaggerated praises of Mr. Hayley on this volume, we cannot assent; yet many passages authorise the quotation from the younger Pliny—

" Multa tenuiter, multa sublimiter, multa venuste, multa tenere, multa dalciter, multa cum bile." Vol. i. p. 112.

In the autumn of 1781, a fortunate incident, the friend-

ship of a lady, to whom we are indebted for *The Task*, the ballad of John Gilpin, and the translation of Homer, gave renewed ardor to the poet. Lady Austen, an accomplished character, and widow of sir Robert Austen, bart. — afterwards married M. de Tardif, and died in France in 1802. From her Mr. Hayley has derived valuable information.

The origin of this intimacy displays the eccentric character of Cowper.

He saw, from the window of Mrs. Unwin's house, lady Austen in a shop at Olney, with her sister, Mrs. Jones, whom he had met at Mrs. Unwin's house. Struck with the appearance of the stranger, although naturally timid, he requested that Mrs. Unwin would invite her, with Mrs. Jones, to tea. When they had arrived, he was reluctant to join them; but, prevailed on at length, he was re-animated by the colloquial talents of lady Austen.

This trivial occurrence had a salutary influence on the spirits of the bard, who did not anticipate the danger of an intimacy with *two* ladies, each presuming on her power to direct his studies.

Lady Austen was sedulous to prevent his habitual dejection. She presented him with a portable printing-press; and he whimsically informs her of his progress in the typographic art. She became tenant of the parsonage at Olney, contiguous to the dwelling of Mrs. Unwin, to which she had a free communication; and Cowper, lady Austen, and Mrs. Unwin, formed almost one family. The musical abilities of lady Austen induced the poet to compose songs, of which a few pleasing examples are given. The history of the facetious ballad of John Gilpin, which originated in a hint of lady Austen, our contracted space precludes us from extracting. The name of Dr. Franklin, as a critic on poetry, tempts us, however, to transcribe his complimentary letter on the first volume of poems. We are unacquainted with the person to whom it was addressed.

' Sir,

Passy, May 8, 1782.

' I received the letter you did me the honour of writing to me, and am much obliged by your kind present of a book. The relish for reading of poetry had long since left me, but there is something so new in the manner, so easy and yet so correct in the language, so clear in the expression, yet concise, and so just in the sentiments, that I have read the whole with great pleasure, and some of the pieces more than once. I beg you to accept my thankful acknowledgements, and to present my respects to the author.

' Your most obedient humble Servant,

' B. Franklin.' Vol. i. p. 134.

The Task was composed in 1784. In the same year, the translation of Homer was commenced, at the request of lady Austen, from whom the poet was soon fated to separate, after a vain prediction that 'a three-fold chord is not soon broken.' This lady, in Mr. Hayley's verse, had, by her magical influence,—

Sent the freed eagle in the sun to bask,
And, from the mind of Cowper, called The Task.'

Mrs. Unwin observed, with uneasiness, the superiority of her new friend: Cowper discovered this her jealousy. Gratitude for past services induced him to relinquish the society of lady Austen, his 'idolised sister Anne,' and gave him resolution to write a farewell letter, explaining, as his biographer assures us, his reasons for this sacrifice, with a delicacy honorable to his feelings.—The letter is not inserted.—Recollecting what Cowper owed to a lady who had so often solaced his dejection, so often animated his genius to its highest fervour—we felt the language of the poet, in his letter to Mr. Hill, after this separation, unexpectedly chilling.

'We have as you say lost a lively and sensible neighbour in lady Austen, but we have been long accustomed to a state of retirement, within one degree of solitude, and being naturally lovers of still life, can relapse into our former duality without being unhappy at the change. To me indeed a third is not necessary, while I can have the companion I have had these twenty years.' Vol. i. p. 141.

The same letter, in the most affectionate tone, describes the impression which the tenderness of a mother, lost so early in life, had left on his mind.

In the summer of 1785, the second volume of his poems was published. Another female friend appeared in lady Hesketh (widow of sir Thomas Hesketh); and the advancing age of Mrs. Unwin rendered this acquisition important. In his first letter to lady Hesketh, who became his principal correspondent, he acknowledges the attentions of Mrs. Unwin, who had injured her own health by her solicitude for him during thirteen years of insanity. Her income nearly doubled his own. They had but one purse; and her circumstances were declining. Cowper communicated to lady Hesketh his situation, consulted her as a friend and a critic in the progress of his translation of Homer, and solicited her support in the subscription.

In a letter to this lady, he paints himself with a familiar ease.

'I am a very smart youth of my years. I am not indeed grown grey so much as I am grown bald. No matter. There was more

hair in the world than ever had the honour to belong to me. . . Accordingly having found just enough to curl a little at my ears, and to intermix with a little of my own that still hangs behind, I appear, if you see me in an afternoon, to have a very decent head-dress, not easily distinguished from my natural growth; which being worn with a small bag, and a black riband about my neck, continues to me the charms of my youth, even on the verge of age.' Vol. i. p. 152.

Lady Hesketh, by a visit at Olney, was useful to the poet: she became his amanuensis, accommodated him with her carriage, and, in the autumn of 1786, prevailed on him to remove with Mrs. Unwin to the village of Weston near Olney, where, with other advantages, he had access to the pleasure-grounds of Mr. Throckmorton, his landlord.

The happy influence of this change is apparent in the style of his subsequent letters, which relate, in a cheerful manner, his private concerns, with various opinions on subjects political and literary; and are rarely darkened by a gloomy enthusiasm. These benefits may be, in part, ascribed to the direction of his mind to poetical labour, but more to the anxious care of his female associates, particularly of lady Hesketh. On this topic, the biographer eloquently observes:

'To the honor of human nature, and of the present times, it will appear, that a sequestered poet, pre-eminent in genius and calamity, was beloved and assisted by his friends of both sexes, with a purity of zeal, and an inexhaustible ardor of affection, more resembling the friendship of the heroic ages, than the precarious attachments of the modern world.' Vol. i. p. 224.

The death of the younger Unwin cast a transient shade over his spirits, which was soon dispersed. His letters, at this period, show that he was acutely sensible to applause. Yet his poetical pride could not overcome his philanthropy, nor prevent his acceding to the request of the clerk of All-Saints' church in Northampton, for whose annual bill of mortality he condescended to write mortuary verses.

The correspondence of Cowper with Mr. Rose the barrister, on the subject of Homer, and the merits of different writers, is amusing. Cowper admits the genius of *Burns*, but laments the disguise of his dialect. Of Barclay's *Argenis*, his praise is excessive. Among living writers, we observed, with no surprise, that Mr. Wilberforce and miss Hannah More were his favourites. The slave-trade naturally excites a poet's reprobation; and, in a letter to Mr. Rose, in 1788, he asserts that 'an ounce of grace is a better guard against gross absurdity, than the brightest talents in the world.' That particular dreams are often *predictive*, and not the ordinary operations of fancy, he seems to be

convinced. As a politician, he declares himself an old whig, condemns the test-act in a political and a religious view, and shows a fund of good sense in remarks on the French character at the commencement of the revolution (1790).

‘What we mean by fanaticism in religion is exactly that which animates their politics, and unless time should sober them, they will, after all, be an unhappy people. Perhaps it deserves not much to be wondered at, that at their first escape from tyrannic shackles, they should act extravagantly, and treat their kings, as they have sometimes treated their idols. To these however they are reconciled in due time again, but their respect for monarchy is at an end. They want nothing now but a little English sobriety, and that they want extremely; I heartily wish them some wit in their anger, for it were great pity that so many millions should be miserable for want of it.’
Vol. i. p. 379.

In July 1791, the translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* was published—a work on which he bestowed indefatigable pains. By its prosecution during five years, and frequent revisions, he derived benefit to his health; and the produce of the subscriptions contributed to his fortune.

After this powerful exertion, his mind still requiring employment, he assented to the proposal of Mr. Johnson, his bookseller, of whose liberality he had repeated testimonies, to undertake a magnificent edition of *Milton*. This circumstance introduced to his acquaintance Mr. Hayley, who, having been engaged in composing a life of *Milton*, was surprised to observe himself represented in a news-paper as the antagonist of *Cowper*, to whom he wrote on the subject: a correspondence, and continued friendship, was the consequence. That poets of classes so distinct as *Cowper* and *Hayley*—the one approaching to a milky tameness of versification, the other to an austere though comprehensive energy—should have remained, as literary characters, so long attached, is among the phenomena of our wonderful times. Mr. Hurdis, the late professor of poetry at Oxford, in 1791, became acquainted with *Cowper*, and corresponded with him. To *Warren Hastings*, whom he thought injuriously treated, some pointed but inelegant lines are addressed.

In May 1792, Mr. Hayley visited *Cowper* at *Weston*. The sensations of the biographer, on this occasion, are warmly expressed. *Cowper* was in his sixty-first year—Mrs. Unwin was 72. The pleasure of this interview was alloyed by a severe illness of Mrs. Unwin: but she was soon enabled, with *Cowper*, to return the visit of Mr. Hayley. At *Eartham*, *Cowper* employed his mornings in revising his translations from the Latin and Italian poems of *Milton*.

Here Romney drew the portrait, in crayons, of which a wretched engraving is prefixed to this work.

'After a gestation as long as that of a pregnant woman,' in 1792, Cowper sends to the biographer a sonnet addressed to Romney, on which he confesses that he bestowed uncommon attention, and which we therefore transcribe.

'To George Romney, Esq.

'Romney, expert infallible to trace,
On chart or canvas, not the form alone,
And 'semblance, but, however, faintly shewn,
The mind's impression too on every face,
With strokes that time ought never to erase:
Thou hast so pencil'd mine, that though I own
The subject worthless, I have never known
The artist shining with superior grace.

'But this I mark, that symptoms none of woe
In thy incomparable work appear:
Well! I am satisfied, it should be so,
Since, on maturer thought, the cause is clear;

'For in my looks what sorrow could'st thou see,
While I was Hayley's guest, and sat to thee? W.C.'

Vol. ii. p. 96.

A laborious revisal of his Homer occupied him in 1793. He seems to have considered this work as incomparable, and confidently assures Mr. Rose that it *must* 'make its way.' He fully understood the duties of a translator. His reply to a criticism of lord Thurlow, who had disapproved his translation of Hector's prayer on caressing his child, is ably written.

'There are minutiae in every language, which transfused into another will spoil the version. Such extreme fidelity is in fact unfaithful. Such close resemblance takes away all likeness. *The original is elegant, easy, natural; the copy is clumsy, constrained, unnatural:* To what is this owing? to the adoption of terms not congenial to your purpose; and of a context, such as no man writing an original work, would make use of: Homer is every thing that a poet should be. A translation of Homer so made, will be every thing that a translation of Homer should not be. Because it will be written in no language under heaven. It will be English, and it will be Greek, and therefore it will be neither. He is the man, whoever he be (I do not pretend to be that man myself) he is the man best qualified as a translator of Homer, who has drenched, and steeped, and soaked himself in the effusions of his genius, till he has imbibed their colour to the bone, and who, when he is thus dyed through and through, distinguishing between what is essentially Greek, and what may be habited in English; rejects the former, and is faithful to the latter, *as far as the purposes of fine poetry will permit, and no farther:* this, I think, may be

easily proved. Homer is every where remarkable either for ease, dignity, or energy of expression; for grandeur of conception, and a majestic flow of numbers. If we copy him so closely as to make every one of these excellent properties of his absolutely unattainable, which will certainly be the effect of too close a copy, instead of translating we murder him. Therefore, after all that his lordship has said, I still hold freedom to be an indispensable. Freedom, I mean, with respect to the expression; freedom so limited, as never to leave behind the matter; but at the same time indulged with a sufficient scope to secure the spirit, and as much as possible of the manner. I say as much as possible, because an English manner must differ from a Greek one, in order to be graceful; and for this there is no remedy. *Can an ungraceful, awkward translation of Homer be a good one? No: but a graceful, easy, natural, faithful, version of him:—will not that be a good one? Yes: allow me but this, and I insist upon it, that such a one may be produced on my principles, and can be produced on no other.* Vol. ii. p. 191.

With sentiments so matured, after incessant labour and repeated corrections, why his own translation should be most deficient in that native ease, grace, and majestic flow of numbers, which he so warmly recommends, is scarcely to be imagined. The alluring elegance of Pope will be ever preferred to the unadorned and rugged fidelity of Cowper. Homer has long led us astray.—We return to our narrative.

In 1793, Mr. Rose, being at Weston with Mr. Hayley, on the request of lord Spencer, invited Cowper to Althorpe, to meet Gibbon—a meeting which was frustrated by the shyness of the poet and the imbecillity of Mrs. Unwin.

A new subject for his verse was proposed by a neighbouring clergyman: the four ages—infancy, youth, manhood, and old-age. He commenced this poem; but his deplorable state of mind admitted no further exertion. The infirmities of Mrs. Unwin increased; and a deeper dejection oppressed the mind of Cowper. In 1794, all study was impracticable. In this misery, many of his friends considered him worthy of public munificence, and were anxious that a pension should solace his declining age.

Although depressed by complicated afflictions, he was not deserted. Lady Hesketh, with a magnanimous compassion, superintended this house of mourning; and, while her own health was impaired, devoted herself to her sad and superannuated friends. At her request, the biographer visited him; but the presence of a friend had no longer a cheering effect. Lady Hesketh embraced this occasion to consult Dr. Willis, whose skill was unavailing.

In April 1794, while, with Mr. Hayley, lady Hesketh was watching over the disordered poet, a letter from lord Spencer announced the grant of a pension, from which

Cowper was now incapable of deriving the slightest satisfaction. From the spring of 1794, until the summer of 1795, the vigilance of lady Hesketh was unabated. A change appeared essential to the preservation of the life of Cowper; and, in July 1795, his benevolent kinsman, Mr. Johnson, removed him, with Mrs. Unwin, to North Tuddenham, in Norfolk.

In the spring of 1796, the notes to Wakefield's edition of Pope's Homer, which had been received by Mr. Johnson, awakened suddenly the attention of the dejected bard, and induced him to resume the revisal of his translation: but, in the ensuing autumn, his derangement returned. In December, Mrs. Unwin died.

‘ On the morning of that day he said to the servant who opened the window of his chamber: “Sally, is there life above stairs?” A striking proof of his bestowing incessant attention on the sufferings of his aged friend, although he had long appeared almost totally absorbed in his own.

‘ In the dusk of the evening he attended Mr. Johnson to survey the corpse; and after looking at it a few moments, he started suddenly away, with a vehement but unfinished sentence of passionate sorrow.

‘ He spoke of her no more.’ Vol. ii. p. 203.

In September 1797, the kindness and intelligence of Mr. Johnson so far prevailed over his malady, as to occasion the renewal of his attention to Homer; which was continued, at intervals, until March 1799, when he composed his last poem—the *Cast-away*—a few plaintive stanzas, founded on an anecdote in Anson's voyage.

In January 1800, he translated fables of Gay into Latin verse. A complication of maladies soon assailed him; and on the 25th of April he expired. His dissolution was gentle, and scarcely perceived by the attendants. He was buried in Dereham Church, Norfolk. His person and disposition are thus mentioned by Mr. Hayley:—

‘ He was of a middle stature, rather strong than delicate in the form of his limbs; the colour of his hair was a light brown, that of his eyes a blueish grey, and his complexion ruddy. In his dress he was neat, but not finical; in his diet temperate, and not dainty.

‘ He had an air of pensive reserve in his deportment, and his extreme shyness sometimes produced in his manners an indescribable mixture of awkwardness and dignity; but no being could be more truly graceful, when he was in perfect health, and perfectly pleased with his society. Towards women in particular, his behaviour and conversation were delicate and fascinating in the highest degree.

‘ Nature had given him a warm constitution, and had he been prosperous in early love, it is probable that he might have enjoyed a more uniform and happy tenour of health. But a disappointment of the heart, arising from the cruelty of fortune, threw a cloud on his

juvenile spirit. Thwarted in love, the native fire of his temperament turned impetuously into the kindred channel of devotion. The smothered flames of desire uniting with the vapours of constitutional melancholy, and the fervency of religious zeal, produced altogether that irregularity of corporeal sensation, and of mental health, which gave such extraordinary vicissitudes of splendor and of darkness to his mortal career, and made Cowper at times an idol of the purest admiration, and at times an object of the sincerest pity.' Vol. ii. p. 221.

He understood the Greek, Latin, French, and Italian languages. His reading, however, was limited:—'*non multa, sed multum.*' The events of his life prove, to the honour of female sensibility, that he could engage the best affections of accomplished women. In this female society perhaps his frequent trifles in rhyme originated.

We have already overstepped our boundary; and, from the original poetry, can only admit a short specimen of the serious class.

• To the reverend Mr. Newton, on his return from Ramsgate.

• That ocean you of late survey'd,
Those rocks I too have seen,
But I, afflicted and dismay'd,
You tranquil and serene.

• You from the flood-controuling steep
Saw stretched before your view,
With conscious joy, the threat'ning deep,
No longer such to you.

• To me, the waves that ceaseless broke
Upon the dang'rous coast,
Hoarsely, and ominously, spoke
Of all my treasure lost.

• Your sea of troubles you have past,
And found the peaceful shore;
I tempest toss'd, and wreck'd at last,
Come home to port no more.' Vol. ii. p. 292.

From the Hare and many Friends, we give a few Latin verses.

• *Venatorum audit clangores pone sequentum,
Pulmineumque sonum territus erro fugit.
Corda pavor pulsat, sursum sedet, erigit aures,
Respicit et sentit jam prope adesse necem.
Utque canes fallat, late circumvagus, illuc
Unde abiit mirâ calliditate, redit;* Vol. ii. p. 389.

We cannot further pursue Mr. Hayley through his appendix, which contains a few original poems, with translations from Greek verses, and from Latin poetry, ancient and mo-

dern. We have laboriously endeavoured to trace the extraordinary life of a poet, whose misfortunes add a melancholy interest to his writings.

Forcible, though minute, as a painter of domestic and of rural scenery—a keen observer of character, and an affecting moralist,—Cowper, in his versification, is usually harsh. We are neither lulled by the melting euphony of Pope, nor elevated by the sonorous magnificence of Milton. Violent contrasts frequently recur. The burlesque and the solemn clash together, unharmonised by intermediate chords.

At the conclusion of these volumes, Mr. Hayley proposes that a monument in the metropolis should be raised to Cowper, from funds to arise in part by public contribution, and in part by the profits of an edition of Milton, with translations of his Italian and Latin poems, *decorated with plates*. These decorations, we hope, will exceed in merit the portraits introduced into the work before us. The first engraving is discreditable to the taste of the artist: the head from Lawrence is of moderate execution; and the portrait of Cowper's mother would disgrace an engraver's apprentice.

It remains for us to appreciate the merits of Mr. Hayley as a biographer. Allowing for the partiality of friendship, he has discharged his duty in a respectable manner. His compilation, however, is too diffuse: his materials are loosely arranged; and his style, sometimes elegant, is often languid and verbose, charged with epithets, and sullied by affectation.

The distressing insanity of a friend should be revealed in the language of *feeling* rather than of *art*. '*The calamitous eclipses of his effulgent mind*' we select from other artificial phrases, in which we can discover no '*graceful propriety*.'

ART. II.—*Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London. For the Year 1802. Part II.* 4to. 17s. 6d. sewed. Nicol. 1802.

WE hasten to overtake this interesting annual publication, which has, on several accounts, been too long delayed. We shall not, however, detain the reader by apologies, or a tedious introduction. The different articles are too valuable to require any assistance from our comments.

'Observations on the two lately discovered celestial Bodies. By William Herschel, LL. D. F. R. S.'

We have already announced these two new planets, discovered by MM. Piazzi and Olbers, and have remarked their appropriate situation in a place where there was a considerable

chasm in the planetary system, as well as their disproportioned size to the other planets. We, some time since, suggested, that they were perhaps comets brought into less eccentric orbs, by the joint attractions of Jupiter and the sun; and our author's observations seem to confirm the suspicion. From these observations, the diameter of Ceres seems scarcely to exceed 160 miles, and that of Pallas, taking the mean of two measures, about 130 miles. If we compare them with the planets, we shall find that—

- ‘ 1. They are celestial bodies, of a certain very considerable size.
- ‘ 2. They move in not very eccentric ellipses round the sun.
- ‘ 3. The planes of their orbits do not deviate many degrees from the plane of the earth's orbit.
- ‘ 4. Their motion is direct.
- ‘ 5. They may have satellites, or rings.
- ‘ 6. They have an atmosphere of considerable extent, which however bears hardly any sensible proportion to their diameters.
- ‘ 7. Their orbits are at certain considerable distances from each other.

‘ Now, if we may judge of these new stars by our first criterion, which is their size, we certainly cannot class them in the list of planets: for, to conclude from the measures I have taken, Mercury, which is the smallest, if divided, would make up more than 135 thousand such bodies as that of Pallas, in bulk.

‘ In the second article, their motion, they agree perhaps sufficiently well.

‘ The third, which relates to the situation of their orbits, seems again to point out a considerable difference. The geocentric latitude of Pallas, at present, is not less than between seventeen and eighteen degrees; and that of Ceres between fifteen and sixteen; whereas, that of the planets does not amount to one half of that quantity. If bodies of this kind were to be admitted into the order of planets, we should be obliged to give up the zodiac; for, by extending it to them, should a few more of these stars be discovered, still farther and farther deviating from the path of the earth, which is not unlikely, we might soon be obliged to convert the whole firmament into zodiac; that is to say, we should have none left.

‘ In the fourth article, which points out the direction of the motion, these stars agree with the planets.

‘ With regard to the fifth, concerning satellites, it may not be easy to prove a negative; though even that, as far as it can be done, has been shewn. But the retention of a satellite in its orbit, it is well known, requires a proper mass of matter in the central body, which it is evident these stars do not contain.

‘ The sixth article seems to exclude these stars from the condition of planets. The small comas which they shew, give them so far the resemblance of comets, that in this respect we should be rather inclined to rank them in that order, did other circumstances permit us to assent to this idea.

‘ In the seventh article, they are again unlike planets; for it appears, that their orbits are too near each other to agree with the ge-

neral harmony that takes place among the rest ; perhaps one of them might be brought in, to fill up a seeming vacancy between Mars and Jupiter. There is a certain regularity in the arrangement of planetary orbits, which has been pointed out by a very intelligent astronomer, so long ago as the year 1772 ; but this, by the admission of the two new stars into the order of planets, would be completely overturned ; whereas, if they are of a different species, it may still remain established.' P. 224.

This reasoning is, however, too rigorous. By a similar argument, it might be contended that there should be no more than seven planets, seven colours, &c.: to which we may add, that the vacant space may be as aptly filled by two smaller bodies as by one larger. Had we found a large planet, three times the united diameter of the two now under our eyes, we should not have contested its title ; and we see not, as we shall presently show, that we ought, from any considerations, to combat the claim of either Ceres or Pallas. The other objection is still weaker. If we admit bodies, it is said, of such great geocentric latitudes, we must resign the zodiac. But what power fixed *its* limits ?—the motions of planets, which did not wander beyond it ; and now some more eccentric are found, its limits must be, for the same reason, extended. If, however, these bodies be *not* planets, we may ask, What are they ? We know only of three kinds of celestial bodies ; planets revolving about the sun, deriving their light from it, with a determined annual parallax, and a diameter subtending a sensible angle ; fixed stars shining with a light peculiarly their own, without any parallax, and subtending no sensible angle ; and comets, deriving their light from the sun, which they seem to convey in a peculiar form, that of a *coma*, and a tail *projected in a direction opposite to the sun*, with a very considerable geocentric latitude—in other words, moving in a plane greatly inclined to that of the earth's orbit. Ceres and Pallas are certainly observed with *comæ* : are they not, therefore, comets ?—Let us attend to our author.

' 1. They are celestial bodies, generally of a very small size, though how far this may be limited, is yet unknown.

' 2. They move in very eccentric ellipses, or apparently parabolic arches, round the sun.

' 3. The planes of their motion admit of the greatest variety in their situation.

' 4. The direction of their motion also is totally undetermined.

' 5. They have atmospheres of very great extent, which shew themselves in various forms of tails, coma, haziness, &c.

' On casting our eye over these distinguishing marks, it appears, that in the first point, relating to size, our new stars agree sufficiently well ; for the magnitude of comets is not only small, but very unli-

mitted. Mr. Pigott's comet, for instance, of the year 1781, seemed to have some kind of nucleus; though its magnitude was so ill defined, that I probably over-rated it much, when, November 22, I guessed it might amount to 3 or 4'' in diameter. But, even this, considering its nearness to the earth, proves it to have been very small.

' That of the year 1783, also discovered by Mr. Pigott, I saw to more advantage, in the meridian, with a twenty-feet reflector. It had a small nucleus, which, November 29, was coarsely estimated to be of perhaps 3'' diameter. In all my other pretty numerous observations of comets, it is expressly remarked, that they had none that could be seen. Besides, what I have called a nucleus, would still be far from what I now should have measured as a disk; to constitute which, a more determined outline is required.

' In the second article, their motions differ much from that of comets; for, so far as we have at present an account of the orbits of these new stars, they move in ellipses which are not very eccentric.

' Nor are the situations of the planes of their orbits so much unlike those of the planets, that we should think it necessary to bring them under the third article of comets, which leaves them quite unlimited.

' In the fourth article, relating to the direction of their motion, these stars agree with planets, rather than with comets.

' The fifth article, which refers to the atmosphere of comets, seems to point out these stars as belonging to that class; it will, however, on a more particular examination, appear that the difference is far too considerable to allow us to call them comets.' P. 226.

In fact, the smallest *coma* of a comet exceeds that of Ceres or Pallas above a hundred times; and neither moves in orbs even approaching the eccentricity of a parabola, or is distinguished by a tail. It is also highly probable that the *nuclei* of comets are very small: they never disturb the planetary motions, though often disturbed by them.

Why then are not these bodies planets? We see no reason for any distinction: they revolve round the sun, and are *not* comets. We must discover another system, before we are allowed to change the appellation. Mr. Herschel would call them asteroids; but he labours for a distinction, which, in the end, will fail him.

' I shall now give a definition of our new astronomical term, which ought to be considerably extensive, that it may not only take in the asteroid Ceres, as well as the asteroid Pallas, but that any other asteroid which may hereafter be discovered, let its motion or situation be whatever it may, shall also be fully delineated by it. This will stand as follows.

' Asteroids are celestial bodies, which move in orbits either of little or of considerable excentricity round the sun, the plane of which may be inclined to the ecliptic in any angle whatsoever. Their motion may be direct, or retrograde; and they may or may not have considerable atmospheres, very small comas, disks, or nuclei.

' As I have given a definition which is sufficiently extensive to take in future discoveries, it may be proper to state the reasons we have for expecting that additional asteroids may probably be soon found out. From the appearance of Ceres and Pallas it is evident, that the discovery of asteroids requires a particular method of examining the heavens, which hitherto astronomers have not been in the habit of using. I have already made five reviews of the zodiac, without detecting any of these concealed objects. Had they been less resembling the small stars of the heavens, I must have discovered them. But the method which will now be put in practice, will completely obviate all difficulty arising from the asteroidal appearance of these objects; as their motion, and not their appearance, will in future be the mark to which the attention of observers will be directed.' p. 229.

We shall not extend our article by enlarging on our own original idea, that these bodies may have been comets constrained to revolve within less eccentric orbits; because, in reality, we know little of the *nuclei* of comets, and have no criterion by which we can measure their density, nor indeed, very correctly, their diameters. The suspicion may remain on record, to be tried by future observations, with little solicitude, in the author, respecting its truth or fallacy.

' IX. Description of the Corundum Stone, and its Varieties, commonly known by the Names of Oriental Ruby, Sapphire, &c.; with Observations on some other mineral Substances. By the Count de Bournon, F. R. S.'

The count de Bournon has considerably enlarged our views in mineralogy, by tracing the adamantine spar in a great variety of precious stones. In fact, it is the basis of all that are styled Oriental—an appellation not perhaps exclusively confined to the country which offers them to our notice, but attributed to gems of a peculiar hardness: yet it will appear that these are generally of eastern origin. Our author describes the corundum somewhat too diffusely. The imperfect, which seems divided into laminae, is of a greyish colour, and is found in the Carnatic. This is less hard than the more perfect coloured stones, which scarcely yield to the diamond in this respect. The red Oriental ruby is very hard, but somewhat exceeded by the sapphire.

' This substance emits pretty bright sparks, when struck with a piece of steel; but they are by no means proportioned to its hardness. If a piece of flint be struck with the same force, the sparks it produces are more numerous, as well as more bright; and it is possible to obtain sparks from flint, by a very slight blow, such as would not be sufficient to produce them from perfect corundum. It is also necessary, in order to obtain sparks from corundum, that the stone should have pretty sharp edges: if the part that is struck is obtuse, it is with some difficulty that any sparks can be obtained. The imperfect corundum, however, has, in this respect, some advantage over the perfect kind.' p. 248.

This relation to light and heat deserves particular notice ; but we must also remark, that, like quartz, it becomes phosphorescent by friction. The mean specific gravity of numerous specimens was 3931. The specific gravity of the purer coloured stones is the highest, and may perhaps be reckoned at about 4000. The primitive crystal is a rhomboid : its angles 94-86. The various modifications of its crystals are very minutely described. The fracture is parallel to the faces, in the angles just mentioned. In the imperfect corundums, in particular circumstances, the terminal faces are *chatoyant*, sparkling like a cat's-eye, from the light seemingly pervading an external lamina, and reflected from an internal one. The following singular appearance we shall add, with the explanation, in the author's own words.

‘ To the above property must also be referred, that beautiful reflection of light, in the form of a star with six rays, which is frequently given, by cutting, to Oriental rubies, sapphires, &c. and which causes those stones to be then called by the name of star-stones. The manner of cutting which brings the perfect corundum into this state is, most commonly, on the part of the lapidary, rather the result of chance, than the consequence of any determined theory respecting the cause of the effect he means to produce. Accordingly, in the greater number of the stones which have this property, the point from whence the starry reflection proceeds, instead of being in the middle of the stone, is observed to be situated in a part more or less near to its base ; a circumstance which considerably diminishes the beauty of the star-stone. The reflection which produces this effect, arises from the same cause as that of which we have already spoken, and proceeds from the same part of the stone ; consequently, when an Oriental ruby, or a sapphire, which has the qualities necessary for the purpose, is intended by the lapidary to be formed into a star-stone, he ought to make his section pass below that part of the stone which he has found to correspond with the summit of the primitive rhomboid. As the kind of cutting most proper to produce this effect in the stone, is that rounded form which is called *en cabochon*, with as high an ellipsis as is possible, the lapidary ought, at the same time, to take great care that the summit of this ellipsis be situated exactly under the point which corresponds with the summit of the rhomboid ; in that case, the light reflected in the interval of the laminæ upon the three edges of the primitive rhomboid, and upon the middle of its three faces, will trace upon the stone, a star, the six rays of which will include the circumference of the rounded part, or ellipsis. The same effect may also be made to take place on one of the solid angles of the base, but in a much less perfect manner.

‘ I have met with many fragments of sapphires, as well as of Oriental rubies, which naturally produced the effect here spoken of, in consequence of their having been broken, by chance, in a manner proper to occasion it ; that is, they were broken, accidentally, in a direction contrary to that of the laminæ, and perpendicular to an axis passing through the two summits of the pyramid of the primitive

rhomboid; after which, the fragment had been a little rounded by friction.' P. 273.

The corundum, in its analysis, offers a large proportion of alumine, with a pretty steady proportion of iron, both in the ruby and sapphire, but with a more variable one in the imperfect kinds. The iron, in the Chinese corundum, amounts to more than 0.06, while in that of the Carnatic, it exceeds only in an equal quantity 0.01.

The compact corundum, which has no traces of crystallisation; its matrix, which is a sand-stone approaching a coarse marble; and the substances which occasionally accompany the corundum, are next noticed. These, which occur in the corundum of different regions of the East, are particularly described, and furnish many very curious and important mineralogical remarks. We regret that it is impossible to pursue them within any reasonable limits. This singular stone seems peculiar to India, though there are reasons to think that it occurs in America and some of the mountains of France.

'X. Analysis of Corundum, and of some of the Substances which accompany it; with Observations on the Affinities which the Earths have been supposed to have for each other, in the humid Way. By Richard Chenevix, Esq. F.R.S. and M.R.I.A.'

In this paper we find strong confirmation of the analysis of corundum, and a firm support of its small proportion of silex—a circumstance which powerfully supports the idea, long since suggested in this journal, that hardness does not depend on ingredients, but on the rapidity and close union of the crystallisation. The following chemical remarks, though not peculiarly or immediately connected with the subject, merit particular attention.

'As the greater part of the above substances were fusible without difficulty in potash, I preferred using a silver crucible to any other. It may be laid down as a general rule, with respect to delicate experiments, that in the treatment of metallic substances, we should not use metallic crucibles; but, in the treatment of earthy bodies, they alone are to be depended upon. The easily oxidizable metals cannot be employed; but silver and platina present advantages which no other metals seem to possess. Theory would certainly give a general preference to platina, from its resistance both to heat and to acids; and practice will justify this preference, in all but a single instance. If a quantity of potash be kept for some time in fusion, in a platina crucible, it will be found that the crucible has lost several grains of its weight. The platina so dissolved may be looked for in the potash; and, if this be saturated with muriatic acid, and evaporated, we shall find the well-known triple salt, formed by the combination of muriatic acid with potash and oxide of platina. This action of potash upon pla-

tina, does not depend upon any mechanical cause, such as friction, the force that determines it being purely chemical. If a salt formed by potash, or a salt formed by ammonia, be mixed with a salt of platina, a precipitate ensues, which is a triple salt; and it is by this method, that the Spanish government detects the platina, in the ingots of gold sent from their American possessions. It is therefore evident, that an affinity does exist between potash and platina, in a certain state; and I imagine it to be this affinity, which causes the oxidizement of the platina, when potash is kept in fusion upon that metal. I must however observe, that my crucible was prepared by Janetty, in Paris, according to a method he has published in the "*Annales de Chimie*;" and that he always employs arsenic, a little of which certainly remains united to the platina. What influence arsenic may have, remains to be determined. Soda does not form a triple salt with the oxide of platina; for I have frequently kept this alkali in fusion, in a platina crucible, for a long time; yet very little action was produced upon the metal. This fact seems to corroborate my assertion, that the affinity of potash for oxide of platina, determines the oxidizement of the metal.

' Whenever I suspected that platina had been dissolved, I could easily detect the smallest portion of it. A solution of platina, so dilute as to be nearly colourless, manifests, in a very short time, the colour of a much more concentrate solution, and becomes reddish, by the addition of a solution of tin in muriatic acid. This I have found to be, by many degrees, the most sensible test for platina; and it would answer the purposes of the Spanish government, much better than that they usually employ.

' The alkalis have no immediate action upon silver: but I have observed, that crucibles of this metal, after they have been a long time in use, become somewhat more brittle than they were before.

' Potash and soda have long been termed fixed alkalis; and it is certain that, if we compare them with ammonia, they are so. But *fixed* is an absolute term, and cannot admit of degrees. If potash, such as we obtain from Mr. Berthollet's method of preparing it, be kept in fusion at a very strong heat, it may be totally volatilized. The vapour of the alkali may be perceived in the room; and vegetable colours will undergo the change which is usually produced by alkalis. Indeed, in preparing Mr. Berthollet's potash, the vapour of the alkali may be easily perceived. Soda is not quite so volatile; though far from being fixed. It appears also, that a little water increases the volatility of both potash and soda, as happens with boracic acid. This volatility of potash has been advantageously applied of late to the art of bleaching.' p. 336.

The article concludes with some remarks on the affinities the earths have been supposed to possess for each other in the humid way. This section relates to a slight controversy, carried on in the *Annales de Chimie*, which we have already noticed. M. Chenevix communicated some experiments to that collection, which were opposed by M. Guyton. The latter was again opposed by a young chemist, whom we

have mentioned with the highest respect, M. Darracq; and our author now returns to the charge with additional experiments: the result we shall transcribe.

‘ From the experiments which I have related, it appears to be proved,

‘ 1st. That there exists an affinity between silica and alumina.

‘ 2dly. That there exists a very powerful affinity between alumina and magnesia.

‘ 3dly. That alumina shews an affinity for lime; but that the said affinity is not so strong as Mr. Guyton had supposed, nor, if pure reagents be used, is it to be perceived under the circumstances stated by him.

‘ 4thly. That Mr. Guyton was mistaken in every instance of affinity between the earths, excepting in the case of silica with alumina, which had been observed before his experiments; and that, in the other cases, he has attributed to a cause which does not exist, phenomena that must have resulted from the impurity of his reagents.

‘ 5thly. That neither the experiments of Mr. Guyton, nor the opinion maintained in the letter from Freyberg, are sufficient to diminish, in any degree, the value of the assistance mineralogy derives from chemical investigation.’ p. 347.

‘ XI. Description of the Anatomy of the Ornithorynchus Hystrix. By Everard Home, Esq. F.R.S.’

This very singular animal again occurs in a new form, and its anatomy is peculiarly instructive and interesting. The ornithorynchus paradoxus, which seemingly formed a link between the birds and beasts—pretty certainly between the animals of the water and the earth, as the duck did between those of the water and the air—seems to have some congeners which merit particular attention. The O. hystrix belongs to the ant-eaters, and is noticed in the Zoölogy of Dr. Shaw (whose Lyncean eyes nothing escapes), under the name of myrmecophaga aculeata. This naturalist observes that it forms the link between the ant-eaters and the porcupines. It approaches also the manis; but this animal is found to be further removed from the ornithorynchus than the ant-eater. Even the myrmecophagæ are decidedly mammalia.

‘ The peculiar characters of the ornithorynchus, as a genus, or more properly a tribe of animals, are,

‘ The male having a spur on the two hind legs, close to the heel.

‘ The female having no nipples.

‘ The beak being smooth, while the rest of the animal is covered with hair.

‘ The tongue having horny processes, answering the purposes of teeth.

‘ The penis of the male being appropriated to the passage of the semen; and its external orifice being subdivided into several openings.

so as to scatter the semen over an extent of surface, while the urine passes by a separate canal into the rectum.

‘ The female having no common uterus ; and the tubes which correspond to the horns of the uterus in other quadrupeds, receiving the semen immediately from the penis of the male.

‘ These characters distinguish the ornithorynchus, in a very remarkable manner, from all other quadrupeds, giving this new tribe a resemblance in some respects to birds, in others to the amphibia ; so that it may be considered as an intermediate link between the classes mammalia, aves, and amphibia ; and, although the great difference that exists between it and the myrmecophaga, the nearest genus we are at present acquainted with, shows that the nicer gradations towards the more perfect quadrupeds are not at present known, the facts which have been stated may induce others to prosecute the inquiry, and render that part of the chain more complete.

‘ Between it and the bird, no link of importance seems to be wanting.’ p. 360.

Another species of ornithorynchus was shot at Van Diemen’s Land : it greatly resembled the *O. hystrix*.

‘ XII. A Method of examining refractive and dispersive Powers, by prismatic Reflection. By William Hyde Wollaston, M. D. F. R. S.’

Our author’s method may be styled, in a great measure, new : it is at least new in its application. It depends on the principle of Newton’s prismatic eye-glass ; viz. the reflexion of light at the inner surface of a dense refractive medium.

‘ Since the range of inclination within which total reflection takes place, depends not only on the density of the reflecting prism, but also on the rarity of the medium adjacent to it, the extent of that range varies with the difference of the densities of the two media. When, therefore, the refractive power of one medium is known, that of any rarer medium may be learned, by examining at what angle a ray of light will be reflected from it.

‘ For instance, when any object is laid under a prism of flint-glass, with air alone interposed, the internal angle of incidence at which the visual ray begins to be totally reflected, and at which the object ceases to be seen by refraction, is about $39^{\circ} 10'$; but, when the object has been dipped in water, and brought into contact with the glass, it continues visible, by means of the higher refractive power of the water, as far as $57\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of incidence. When any kind of oil, or any resinous cement, is interposed, this angle is still greater. When the refractive power of the medium is greater than that of the glass, the object may be seen through the prism, at whatever angle of incidence it is viewed.

‘ In examining the refractive powers of fluids, or of fusible substances, the requisite contact is easily obtained ; but, with solids, which can in few instances be made to touch to any great extent, this cannot be effected without the interposition of some fluid, or cement,

of higher refractive power than the medium under examination. Since the surfaces of a stratum so interposed are parallel, it will not effect the total deviation of a ray passing through it, and may therefore be employed without risk of any error in consequence.

‘ Thus, resin, or oil of sassafras, interposed between plate glass and any other prism, will not alter the result.

‘ If, on the same prism, a piece of selenite and another of plate-glass be cemented near each other, their powers may be compared with the same accuracy as if they were both in absolute contact with it.

‘ For such a mere comparison of any two bodies, a common triangular prism is best adapted; but, for the purpose of actual measurement of refractive powers, I have preferred the use of a square prism, because, with a very simple apparatus, it shows the sine of refractive power sought, without the need of any calculation.’ P. 365.

This mode of measuring the refractive power is often useful in determining the genuineness of substances, since those of the same kind possess this property, with little variation. The first table contains a series of substances, arranged according to their refractive powers.

The second section of this paper relates to the dispersion of light, which is regulated by very different laws from refraction, since, at a given incidence, bodies may refract unequally and disperse equally. When different media, in contact, differ greatly in dispersive power, the usual order of prismatic colours may be reversed. They are found to be so, by the application of oil of sassafras to a prism of flint glass. Numerous similar instances are mentioned; and the second table contains a series of substances, in the order of their dispersive powers, both in water and alcohol. The solutions of the more perfect metals possess the greatest power of this kind, particularly the nitrates; yet sulphuret of potash rises above the muriate of iron, the nitrate of silver and copper: oil of sassafras disperses light very powerfully; but the effect of some other essential oils, in this respect, is much more inconsiderable. The least dispersive metal is zinc. A third table contains a series of substances with their refractive and dispersive powers, ascertained by means of edges, in the manner of Mr. Dollond and Dr. Blair. These, however, are less distinct; and the results, in some measure,

With respect to the colour of the spectrum, our author observes, ‘ With a very narrow pencil of light, he sees four bulky; viz. red, yellowish-green, blue, and violet; but in this there is apparently a deception. He points out also the existence of invisible rays beyond the violet, such as Herschel supposes to exist on this side the red. Our author’s test is blackening

the muriate of silver. With these two kinds of invisible rays, he thinks the whole number to be six.

‘ XIII. On the oblique Refraction of Iceland Crystal. By William Hyde Wollaston, M. D. F. R. S.’

Our author’s theory on this subject cannot be very intelligibly abridged. It is connected with Euler’s doctrine of light, which he supposes to be propagated by the vibrations of a highly elastic medium.

‘ In ordinary cases, the incipient undulations are of a spherical form ; but, in the Iceland crystal, light appeared to Huygens to proceed as if the undulations were portions of an oblate spheroid, of which the axis is parallel to the short diagonal of an equilateral piece of the crystal, and its centre the point of incidence of the ray.

‘ From this spheroidal form of the undulations, he deduces the obliquity of refraction ; and lays down a law, observable in all refractions, at any surface of the spar, whether natural or artificial, which bears the closest analogy to that which obtains universally at other refracting surfaces ; for as, in other cases, the ratio is given between the sine of incidence and sine of refraction, (or ordinate of the spherical undulation propagated,) so, in the Iceland crystal, the ratio between the sine of incidence and ordinate of refraction (in any one section of the spheroidal undulation) is a given ratio.’ P. 382.

As this system is wholly inconsistent with light as a chemical principle, and, we think, with its other phenomena, we shall not enlarge on it. Better arguments than have been hitherto offered in favour of Euler’s hypothesis must be adduced, before we can attend minutely to the application.

‘ XIV. An Account of some Cases of the Production of Colours, not hitherto described. By Thomas Young, M. D. F. R. S. F. L. S. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution.’

We find it impossible to analyse the present article with any tolerable success. It depends also on Euler’s theory. The cases of colours before us arise from those of fibres, and of mixed plates ; but many of the facts appear to us to be explicable on the principles of other systems.

We cannot conclude this volume without exceeding the space to which we must confine ourselves, as M. Prevost’s paper alone would detain us too long. We shall return to it very soon.

(To be continued.)

ART. III. — *The Works of Virgil, translated into English Verse by Mr. Dryden. A new Edition, revised and corrected by John Carey, LL. D. 3 Vols. 8vo. 11. 7s. Boards. Vernor and Hood. 1803.*

IT is an ample proof of the intrinsic excellence of Dryden's translation, that, — notwithstanding the variety of versions of the Roman bard, which either in whole or in part have since been offered to the public, and the advantages which the different translators have enjoyed, as well from his defects as his merits—he has hitherto never been supplanted. If he have not always maintained a pre-eminence, he has, at least, never sunk below the level of his antagonists: he has never ceased to be treated with veneration—occasionally, indeed, with idolatry. Yet the translation of Dryden was ushered into the world under circumstances the most discouraging and unpropitious. The veteran poet had exceeded his grand climacteric when he first published his proposals to finish it in three years: he became extremely indolent for the first twelvemonth of the period to which he had confined himself, and can scarcely be said to have made even a beginning; and the natural consequence was, that he was compelled to outvie even Lucilius himself, in rapidity of composition—*stans pede in uno*—and to trust to the printer to correct the errors both of the copy and the press. Hence few publications have been more disfigured with inaccuracies of every description, than the first edition of this version, which bears the date of 1697; and, although a new edition was demanded, and made its appearance about a twelvemonth afterwards, the critical hoe was applied with a most lazy hand, and but few of the weeds were removed from the heavily encumbered soil. The translator had already found the work to answer his purpose, and was satisfied with the fame and the profit it had procured him.

‘These’ (observes the present editor) ‘were the only editions printed in Dryden's life-time. The third, published in 1709, is merely a servile though not faithful copy of the second, and was committed to the press without the trouble of ever consulting the first, except once, for the purpose of doing mischief, in *Æn.* vii, 446. As to the subsequent publications, they plainly appear to have been each copied from the last preceding, as each preserves all the errors of its immediate predecessor, with the addition of a new crop of its own growth.

‘In speaking thus freely of the past editions, I am far from wishing to insinuate that the present is in all respects perfect: I am sufficiently sensible that it is not, and that much yet remains to be done. All, therefore, that I venture to hope from my feeble efforts, is, that the work may, in its present state, be deemed somewhat less

faulty and more intelligible than it has hitherto appeared. At the end of this advertisement, I quote some of the numerous passages where I have endeavoured to rescue Dryden's lines from the obscurity or nonsense in which they had before been enveloped by typographic inaccuracy. I leave to the reader, whose curiosity may prompt him to compare this with the preceding editions, to discover a much greater number, which, for brevity's sake, I omit to notice. Nor shall I—as policy might perhaps dictate, if I were inclined to magnify petty minutiae, and claim great praise for small services—select first the grosser blunders, to stand prominent at the head of the phalanx, and more forcibly to arrest the reader's attention. I rather choose to consult his ease and accommodation, by placing them in regular order, as they successively occur in the course of the work, for the sake of facility in referring to them, if he should be so disposed, as he proceeds through the volumes. Neither do I intend (except in one or two instances, where indispensably necessary) to notice any of the much more copious crop of errors which have successively sprouted forth in subsequent editions, without being directly propagated from that of 1698: for, whoever will take the trouble of examination, may easily reap a plentiful harvest of them without my assistance; and it is sufficient for me to observe, in general, that every error of the second edition has been preserved uncorrected in the third, the fourth, &c. &c. to the end of the list.

‘ To quiet the scruples of the English reader, who may perhaps be surprised to find some of the proper names spelled in a manner different from that to which he has hitherto been accustomed, be it observed that I have, throughout the work, adopted the orthography of the learned and accurate professor Heyne, wherever I found it practicable. In acting thus, I do not conceive that I have taken any liberty with *Dryden*, much less an improper liberty: and so far was I from venturing to alter or even transpose a single word of *his*, that, rather than attempt it, I have suffered some names to pass which are materially wrong, as *Erymanthus* for *Erymas* (*Æn.* ix, 950), *Iōlas* for *Æōlus* (xii, 769), *Phyllis* for *Galatea* (*Past.* iii, 97), *Aunus* for the anonymous son of *Aunus* (*Æn.* xi, 1034), *Clymēne* for *Clymēne* (*Geo.* iv, 488), *Tbermōdon* for *Tbermōdon* (*Æn.* xi, 956).

‘ In the Latin quotations with which Dryden has interspersed his prefaces and notes, I have occasionally been obliged to differ from him, because the text which he used was not every-where so correct as that of the present day; and, besides, quoting sometimes from memory, he gave words that are not to be found in any copies, ancient or modern; a striking instance of which I have noticed in my second remark on the dedication of the *Æneis*.

‘ Had the plan of this edition admitted notes at the bottom of the pages, I should have taken the liberty of offering conjectures and observations on many parts of the work which I have, for the present, been obliged to pass over in silence. I have, however, made memorandums of the most material, which I may perhaps take some future opportunity of communicating to the public, if what little I have here done should meet the approbation of the candid and discerning reader.’

Advertisement.

No man is, perhaps, better qualified for the laborious task of correcting the text, either of Virgil or Dryden, than Dr. Carey, whose natural inclination, as well as habits of life, have peculiarly capacitated him for verbal criticism; and we rejoice to find that a poet of Dryden's pre-eminent merit has at length fallen into hands so competent to the friendly office of expurgation.

To the advertisement, whence we have just selected the above extract, is added a 'Specimen of attempts to correct some of the errors of the first and second editions, which have been copied in all the others hitherto published:' from which, as it will give the reader a fair idea of the *acies oculi* and indefatigable pains of our industrious editor—and more especially as it will save ourselves the trouble of a very laborious investigation for the same purpose—we shall transcribe a few passages*.

' Georgic iii, 45.

' Next him, Niphates, with inverted urn,
And *dropping* sedge, shall his Armenia mourn.

Dryden unquestionably wrote "*drooping*."

' Georgic iii, 53.

' But neither shore his *conquest* shall confine.

Read "*conquests*."

' Georgic iv, 305.

' And grandsires' *grandsons* the long list contains.

No very *long* list is requisite to furnish the *grandsons* of *grandsires*. The petty isle, which harboured no other human being than Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, contained at that moment the *grandsons* of *grandsires*. But Virgil's expression includes at least six generations—" *avi numerantur avorum*," i. e. as I have printed the line, and as, no doubt, Dryden wrote it—

' And grandsires' *grandsires* the long list contains.

' Georgic iv, 352. (first edit.)

' Lurking *lizards* often lodge by stealth
Within the suburbs, and purloin their wealth.
And *worms*, that *sbun* the light, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the seat.

Agreeably to a direction given in the *errata* to the first edition, that of 1698 exhibits the third line thus—

' And *lizards sbunning* light, &c.

This alteration I have not adopted, being fully convinced that it is the offspring of an oversight on the part either of the author or the printer: for Dryden, after having translated "*stellio*" *lizard* in the first line, could never have thought of again introducing *lizard* in the third, as

* Every quotation, not otherwise marked, is the same in both the first and second editions.

the translation of "*blatta*," which appears to be the *moth-worm*, or some other tiny creature of that kind, as Horace describes it preying upon drapery (Sat. ii, 3, 119)—

‘ ————— cui stragula vestis,
Blattarum ac tinearum epulæ, putrescat in arcâ.

‘ Georgic iv, 453.

‘ On *Pençus*'s banks he stood, and near his holy head.

For the information of the unlatined reader, I observe, that, "*Pe-nçus*" being *always* three syllables, this line was intended by the author for one of *fourteen*, such as he has elsewhere used in this work; and it was accordingly so printed in both the folio editions; though succeeding printers, not aware of the measure of the word, contrived to cut the verse down to an Alexandrine, by improperly contracting the "*eu*" to a diphthong, and then giving

‘ On *Pencus*' banks he stood, &c.

‘ Georgic iv, 586. (first edit.)

‘ The slipp'ry god will try to loose his hold,
 And various forms assume, to cheat thy sight,
 And with vain images of beasts affright.
 With foamy tusks *he seems* a bristly boar,
 Or *imitates* the lion's angry roar;
Breaks out in crackling flames to shun thy snares,
 A dragon *bisses*, or a tiger *stares*.

Second edition—

‘ The slipp'ry god will try, &c.
 With foamy tusks *will seem* a bristly boar,
 Or *imitate* the lion's angry roar;
Break out in crackling flames to shun thy snares,
 Or *biss* a dragon, or a tiger *STARES*.

Having altered the tense of the verbs, Dryden probably forgot to strike his pen through the final *s* of "*snares*" to make it rhyme with "*stare*," as he intended. The printer, determined not to spoil the rhyme, preserved both "*snares*" and "*stares*" in defiance of sense and grammar. I have printed "*snare*" and "*stare*" according to the poet's intention.

‘ Georgic iv, 667.

‘ The realms of Mars *remurmur'd* all around—
 instead of "*remurmur*."

‘ Georgic iv, 776.

‘ The soft Napæan race will soon *repent*
 Their anger, and remit the punishment.

Virgil's expression is "*iras remittent*," which Dryden, no doubt, translated, and very properly, by "*relent their anger*:" but the printer officiously corrected it to "*repent*"—not dreaming that "*relent*" (like its French original, *valentir*) was a verb active, signifying to *slacken*,

repress, mollify—and that, when used as a verb neuter, it is merely an elliptic form of speech.

‘ Georgic iv, 787.

‘ T’ appease the manes of the *poets’ king*.

Dryden, I doubt not, wrote, as I have printed, “*the poet king*,” i. e. the *poet and king*, or the *royal poet*; Orpheus having, according to some accounts, been *king* of the Cicones.

‘ Dedication of *Æneïs*, vol. II, p. ii, l. 10.

“The trifling novels, which *Aristotle* and others have inserted in their poems.”

‘ There cannot be a doubt that Dryden wrote “*Ariosto*.” The printer, however,—having probably never seen or heard the name of *Ariosto*, and finding that of *Aristotle* several times repeated in the same sheet—concluded that the author had here made a mistake, which he accordingly *corrected* in his way!

‘ Dedication of *Æneïs*, vol. II, pp. lxxvii and lxxix.

‘ Quoting, probably, from memory, Dryden gave

‘ —————Non me tua turbida virtus
Terret, ait—

instead of

‘ —————Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta, ferox—

as the passage stands in the original, *Æn.* xii, 894. On restoring the true reading, I felt myself obliged, in p. lxxix, to alter the word “*valour*” to “*threats*.” Although I might perhaps more properly have said “*taunts*,” yet there was at least an implied *threat* in those taunts; and “*threats*” better suits the context.

‘ *Æneïs*, i, 179.

‘ He rear’d his awful head above the main;
Serene in majesty, then roll’d his eyes, &c.

Virgil’s “*summâ placidum caput extulit undâ*” naturally directs us to read

‘ He rear’d his awful head above the main,
Serene in majesty,—then roll’d his eyes,

with as much *anger and indignation* as you please, but with very little *serenity*, on viewing the disastrous effects of the late hurricane.

‘ *Æneïs*, i, 229.

‘ An island —————
—— forms a port secure for ships to ride,
Broke by the jutting land on either side:
In double streams the briny waters glide.
Betwixt two rows of rocks, a silvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green.

Did Dryden ever pen such nonsense, with Virgil by his side? No: we owe it all to his printer. The poet wrote thus

‘ ——— forms a port secure for ships to ride :
 Broke by the jutting land, on either side,
 In double streams the briny waters glide
 Betwixt two rows of rocks : a silvan scene
 Appears above, &c.’ Corrections.

‘ Æneïs, v, 211.

‘ But, steering round, he *charg’d his pilot stand*
 More close to shore, and skim along the sand.
 Let others bear to sea.

Here the printer has converted the word “*stand*” into the infinitive, with a very harsh ellipsis of the particle “*to*.”—Dryden had written it in the imperative—

‘ ——— ——— ——— he *charg’d his pilot—“ Stand*
 More close to shore, and skim along the sand !
 Let others bear to sea.”

‘ Æneïs, v, 306.

‘ If giv’n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
 Assist to make me guilty of my vow.
 A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain....

How different from Dryden’s idea ! He meant—

‘ If, giv’n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
 (Assist to make me guilty of my vow !)
 A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain....

Æneïs, v, 743.

‘ The last in order, but the first in *place*.

While the English reader is fruitlessly exercising his sagacity to find a solution of this paradox, let the classic scholar turn with me to Virgil, who will instantly prove that Dryden most certainly wrote—

‘ The last in order, but the first in *grace*—
 ‘ Extremus, *formâque ante omnes pulcher*, Iulus....

Æneïs, v, 759.

‘ Again they close, and once again disjoin,
 In troop to troop oppos’d, and line to line.
 They meet, they wheel, &c.

Dryden intended thus,

‘ Again they close, and once again disjoin :
 In troop to troop oppos’d, and line to line,
 They meet ; they wheel, &c.

Æneïs, vi, 249.

‘ ——— by Pelides’ *arms* when Hector fell.

The poet had probably placed a comma after “*arm*,” and the printer converted it into *s*. Dryden would have written “*spear*” or “*steel*,” if he had intended the weapon.

‘ Æneïs, vi, 511.

‘ Attend the term of long revolving years :

Fate, and the dooming gods, are *deaf to tears*.

Whether or not the gods were “*deaf to tears*,” the printer most assuredly was *blind to “pray’rs,”* which was, beyond all doubt, the word written by Dryden, agreeably to his original—

‘ Desine fata deûm flecti sperare *precando*.’

In some few instances, we think the pruning-hook has been unnecessarily made use of, and particularly in the following.

‘ Th’ ensuing season, in return, may bear

The bearded product of the golden year.’ Georgic i, 112.

So, unanimously, testify all the editions: Dr. Carey has varied it, however, to—

‘ The bearded product of the golden ear.’

‘ Although Dryden,’ (says he,) ‘ elsewhere mentions the “*yellow year*” (Æn. ii, 409) when speaking of the harvest in general—yet, here, where *wheat* alone is particularly designated, as distinguished from all other crops, the reader, I trust, will concur with me in believing that the poet originally wrote the “*golden ear*,” applying the epithet, as in Virgil, to the corn itself.’

Virgil, however, does not apply the epithet to *the corn itself*, in the verse of which this is meant to be a translation, though we admit that, about six lines above, the phrase ‘*flava farra*,’ ‘yellow corn’—which, we apprehend, is what the doctor alludes to—is introduced. The *product* of an *ear* of wheat can scarcely be said to be *bearded*: it is literally its *flour*: but

‘ The *bearded* product of the golden year’

is strictly correct; and offers us, at the same time, a beautiful metonymy, which the amended reading unmercifully destroys.

In Æn. ix, 64, the alteration of *post*, as it uniformly occurs, into *port*, is, we think, altogether unnecessary.

‘ He rides around the camp with rolling eyes,

And stops at ev’ry *port*, and ev’ry passage tries.’

Port can here be only understood as a *gate* or *entrance*; and in this sense, indeed, our editor expressly desires us to understand it: but the word *passage*, which immediately follows, is then an intolerable pleonasm. By the common rendering, this evil is avoided. In Virgil, it runs thus:—

‘ —————Huc turbidus atque huc

Lustrat equo muros, aditumque per avia quatit.’

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' He 'sjoins the neck ; and with a stroke so strong
The helm flies off, and bears the head along.'

Æn. ix, 1040.

' Although' (says our editor) ' the word "*disjoint*" has, by butchers and cooks, been gradually chopped down to simple "*joint*," I hope I may be allowed to suppose that Dryden most probably wrote 'sjoins (which I have accordingly ventured to print), as Milton had before written 'sdeign, in imitation of the Italian 'sdegno, 'sdegnar.

We admit the accuracy of this remark: but the correction produces a most disgusting cacophony, and is entirely in opposition both to the carelessness of Dryden's general manner, and the familiarity of his language. It is better, with our cooks and butchers, to extend the elision to the entire syllable, and drop it altogether, than to preserve it, with our too fastidious editor, in its present 'sguised and 'sjointed appearance. 'Death, doctor! you have certainly consulted your *head* without your *ears*!

But these are trivial imperfections—the mere result of exactitude sublimated to excess; and to condemn a critic for works of supererogation—a crime how seldom perpetrated!—is a more damnable doctrine than was ever yet started either by protestant or papist.

To the Eclogues are prefixed Mr. Walsh's preface and Life of Virgil: to the Georgics, Mr. Addison's Essay; and to the Æneis, the translator's comprehensive and elaborate dedication to lord Mulgrave. The edition is elegantly as well as correctly printed; and an interesting and well-executed engraving accompanies every book of the Æneis, as well as the first and fourth books of the Georgics; the second line of the couplet subfixed to the last of which, however, is complete nonsense, from the introduction of not less than three important misprints—two in the words of the text, and one in its punctuation. It is a pity that booksellers do not always, before publication, show proofs of the plates to authors and editors, to guard against the blunders of the engraver.

ART. IV.—*A Specimen of the Conformity of the European Languages, particularly the English, with the Oriental Languages, especially the Persian; in the Order of the Alphabet: with Notes and Authorities. By Stephen Weston, B.D. F.R.S. S.A. Second Edition, enlarged. 8vo. 7s. Boards. Payne. 1803.*

THE philologist of the present day finds it no difficult matter to arrange the different modifications or dialects of human speech into five or six radical tongues, which may

shortly perhaps be reduced to still fewer. It is no wonder, therefore, that any language, which extends to eight or ten thousand different tones or terms, should possess many which are common to others besides itself, and exhibit at the same time an assimilation of idea, or at least something which may be strained into an equivalent. But it is less extraordinary still that the English language, which is a compound of Latin, Celtic, and Gothic, with some tincture of Slavonian, should afford numerous instances of similitude, not only to its parent stocks, but to the original, and, in all probability, *oriental* fountain, whence even these proceeded, and consequently to all the various dialects which have diverged from it towards Africa and America, as well as Asia and Europe; and we have no doubt, that, were Mr. Allwood, who attempted some time since to trace a similarity of language between the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and what in his own system was supposed to be the remains of the Ammonian or primeval language of mankind, to pursue his investigations, he might, on those distant and newly-discovered shores, find tones and terms correspondent in meaning to many of those in common use among ourselves.

It cannot excite much surprise, therefore, that Persia and Arabia should offer us a much ampler table of vocal and ideal resemblances. The chief texture of the English language is Teutonic; and, independently of the personal connexion which has for ages subsisted between England and many Asiatic countries, the appearance of a considerable number of Persic and Arabic words in the German and other Teutonic dialects was long ago mentioned by Boxhornius, and has been since enlarged upon by Hinckelman and Wahl; while the origin of the Teutonic tribes has been traced plausibly, at least, by many historians of penetration, to Oriental emigrations. Hence it may naturally be conceived that a considerable variety of terms, which occur in our common speech, and are inserted in our vocabularies, and which our ablest lexicographers, who have seldom been acquainted with Oriental learning, are incapable of deriving, are of strict Oriental etymology. But the misfortune is, that, when the Oriental etymologist has once detected a few legal and unquestionable derivations, he becomes so elate with his success as to push his system to the most ridiculous extreme, and find, like Mr. Whiter, cognate ideas and cognate consonants, in terms which have no more relation to each other, than the braying of the ass and the song of the nightingale.

Of this most easily besetting sin, the author before us is not altogether blameless; and he is the rather betrayed into it by an attempt to introduce a difference between the

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conformity and etymology of words—a difference which we readily admit to exist in point of fact, but not in point of utility. We will now, however, suffer him to speak in his own terms.

‘Conformity and etymology are not strictly the same things; and, therefore, objections made to the one do not apply to the other. Etymology is the descent or derivation of a word from its original; or, as it is called by Quintilian, *originatio ejus*. Conformity is the resemblance of one word to another, having the same radical letters in the same form. In etymology you trace a word to its source, in conformity you see the likeness, but cannot always show its descent. The Persian words, however, in the English language may be accounted for by the intercourse between the Goths and Persians, and the Arabic terms have come to us through the Saxons, of which *wittina gemot* is one among many notable instances. This cannot be denied; and, therefore, must rest on a solid foundation. But whether there be any ingenuity in discovering English words in Oriental languages is not for an author to say when the question is about his own work; but so much he may say, that the research, no doubt, will contribute something to show the existence of an original language.’ P. v.

The derivation of the very expression here adverted to, *wittina gemot*, is not so perfectly clear to us, nor does it rest on so solid a foundation as appears to the author himself. We will nevertheless submit its table of genealogy, as the author has drawn it up towards the close of his volume.

‘جماعت وتد Jema-ati wited Wittenagemot.

‘Jema-ati wited, is an assembly of the chiefs of a nation; جماعت

ידן, a synagogue of Jews. Wited in Arabic is a peg driven or fixed in a wall, keeping the building together like a cramp. “And I will fasten him as a nail (ידן itad) in a sure place; and they shall hang upon him all the glory of his father’s house.” Isaiah, ch. xxii. v. 23.

وتد In Arabic is *firmiter impegit palum*.

‘In the Koraun, Pharoah is called the lord and master of the nails, Sur. 38, 11. and 89. 3. The nails, that is, the nobles, or pegs, which bind the building together. See Harmer, vol. i. p. 191.

‘*Wit’ena-gemot*, that is properly *wited-gemot*, was an assembly of the whole nation in Saxon times. See Blackstone’s Comment. vol. i. 405. The two words that compose the Saxon term are Arabic, and have no *nun* in them, and were there a nunnation, it would make *witedon*, not *witena*, since *dāl* is a radical, and cannot be dispensed with.” P. 188.

The following are, perhaps, fair specimens of etymological affinity.

‘ بد *Bad* Bad.

‘ *Bad* is Persian, and means wicked, worn out, good for nothing, as جامد بد a tattered garment, or a bad coat; jamei bad. بد خوي of a bad temper.

‘ پدر *Pader* Pater, Father.

‘ بر *Ber* Imperat. Bear.

‘ برادر *Burader* Brother,

‘ Brother of faith, brother of poverty, brother of war, brother of suspicion, of sorrow, of softness, and submission. All these forms occur in Persian and Arabic.

‘ برادر *Burader* Broeder, Brother.

‘ This is another word which the Persians have adopted with the Saxons and Germans from one common source of Scythia and Tartary, from whence irruptions were made into the East and West, and the inhabitants were taught the language of their invaders.

‘ بربارس *Berbaris* Barberry.

‘ The barberry-tree, like the tamarind, crab, and sloe, never ripens its fruit to sweetness, the berry is *spinæ acidæ pomum*, or the fruit of a sharp thorn, the name is of Arabian growth.

‘ بربر *Berber* Barber.

‘ A barber or surgeon is the same in Persian as in English. A barber-surgeon joins the practice of surgery to the trade of barber, and such were all surgeons formerly.” P. 19.

‘ لعبي *Lubi* Looby.

‘ *Lubi* in Arabic is a foolish ridiculous fellow. Johnson and Skinner and Junius are all uncertain how this word is to be derived, whether from *lapp*, or *llabe*, or *lob*.” P. 146.

‘ ليمون *Limun* Lemon.

‘ ليمونا *Limuna* Lemon-juice.

‘ *Lemon*, says Johnson, is from *limon*, low Latin; and the low Latin from whence? From the Persian.

‘ لادن *Laden* Ladanum.

‘ *Laden* is the gum-herb lada.

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‘ لاک Lak Lake.

‘ Lak is a tincture for dying cloths red.

‘ مادر Mader Mother.

‘ ماده Madé Maid.

‘ Madé is Persian, and means a female.’ p. 148.

‘ هاله Hala Halo.

‘ Halo area circa lunam. Gazophylacium.

‘ هبب Hehub Hubbub.

‘ Hubbub, a violent wind raising the dust; from *bebou* in Arabic, a dust raised and flying in the air. Johnson says, he does not know the etymology of *bubbub*, unless it be from *up, up hobnab*!

‘ هفت Heft ‘Enna.

Septem.

Seven.

‘ هلیا Helia Helluo.

‘ Helia is a glutton, a greedy wolf, in the Persian language.

‘ هم Ham ‘Ama.

Together.

‘ همپستر Hempister A bolster fellow.

A bed fellow.

‘ The word is compounded of هم *hem* together, and پستر *pister* a pillow, or bolster.’ p. 168.

In many of these instances, however, our author has purposely changed the vowel, where it occurs, so as to make it better correspond with his own wishes; and, where it does not occur, has selected that which is best adapted to the same purpose. In other examples this licentious variation is more obvious still. Thus, p. 9, he derives the English word *re-iterating* from “اتاره”, which he deciphers *itaret*, but which in reality ought to have been spelt *atarhet*. There can be no doubt that the English term is derived from the Latin *iterum*, *itero*; and these again, together with all their affinities, not from the Persian “اتاره”, but the Hebrew יתר (*iter*), which, in every sense, implies *redundance*, *excess*, *repetition*.

In several of his etymologies or *conformities*—for we do

not know to which class he refers them—he has been compelled to enlist even the indefinite article into his service.

Thus A *scheme* is paralleled with اسكم (askim), p. 8, and A *stable* with اصطبل (astabul): and so he might have derived, with Dean Swift, Alexander the Great from *all eggs under the grate*.

The English philologist will stare as widely at other examples, though of a somewhat different kind. Every one knows that *less* subjoined to words is a mere negative or privative termination; as, *friendless*, 'without friends,' *dreadless*, 'without dread,' *listless*, 'without listening' or 'attention.' Our author, however, derives this last term from the Persian

لئس leslas, and then adds the following observation.

'*Leslas* is slow, tardy, lazy, lolling, loitering. "The lazy-lolling sort of ever listless loiterers that attend no cause, no trust." The derivation in Johnson is from *list*, *derive*, and *less*, but I prefer the Arabic, and he who does not must admire the coincidence.' p. 146.

So that, while *list*, which cannot be forced into Persian, is derived from one language, *listless* is derived from another. Our readers, we are persuaded, must by this time *admire* the author himself much more than the coincidence he adduces.

ART. V.—*British Monachism; or, Manners and Customs of the Monks and Nuns of England. By Thomas Dudley Fosbrooke, M. A. F. A. S.* 2 Vols. 8vo. 14s. Boards. Nichols and Son. 1802.

THE intention of the present author, to contribute 'somewhat to check that spirit of monachism and popery which has lately been revived,' deserves ample commendation. We know not by what perversion of intellect the interests of religion have been so confounded in the minds of certain persons—and those not of the lowest class—that they weep over the ruins of papacy in France, as if religion had lost its best support; and seem inclined to contemplate the *Reformation*, as the greatest calamity that could have been inflicted on the religious world. With the full recollection and acknowledgement that the avarice of Luther and the lust of Henry VIII were the primary causes of that great event, they would rather travel back to all the superstitions and bigotry of popery in the dark ages, than confess that the hand of Providence has been again visible in its overthrow in France, by the agency of republican tyranny. Every attempt, therefore, to induce a more correct way of think-

ing, and to exhibit a more liberal view of the great events which have lately taken place in Europe, is to be welcomed as an acquisition to the cause of protestantism, and of religious liberty.

What is there in superstitious seclusion from the world, which a rational mind would wish to revive? Monachism, as our author justly observes, was an institution founded upon the first principles of religious virtue, wrongly understood and wrongly directed. Superstition has its basis in the will; and therefore monachism never succeeded, but when it was an act of volition. As soon as its duties became mechanical operations, the work was performed, and the principle disregarded, while the heart, left open to the world, was constantly prompting those aberrations which naturally result from the opposition of sentiment to duty. Shame is of no avail, where security is to be gained from coparceny, evasion, or secrecy. Hence the vices of the monks: gluttony, their grand crime, is the natural pleasure of those who are debarred from other enjoyments, whether by physical or moral causes. What these crimes were, in the greater part, the '*Inquirenda circa Conventum*' of Henry's visitors will show*.

Yet, while the praise of exposing this system cannot be withheld from Mr. Fosbrooke's ingenious work, it appears to us to be but a secondary object, and that these volumes will more often be consulted as a record of curious manners, interesting to the antiquary, the historian, and the moralist, and amusing even to common and careless readers. Their strongest recommendation is, that the author has seldom employed the aid of printed books, unless as subsidiary to the authority of unpublished manuscripts. The greater part, therefore, of his materials are new to the public, and are put together with more neatness and accuracy than could have been expected in the case of a narrative, of which every word must have its authority, and little can be allowed to the digressions of reflexion, and less to the excursions of imagination.

In the preliminary part, which treats 'of monachism previous to the reign of Edgar,' Mr. Fosbrooke assigns the introduction of monachism, among the Britons, to the fourth century; and is of opinion that the institutes of Pachomius, which he gives at length, were then followed. Of this opinion, indeed, he concedes that the proof is only from analogy, and a comparison of Pachomius's rules with what may be gleaned from the lives of the British saints in Surius, passages in Bede, &c.; but, at the same time, this is the only kind of proof that can now be obtained.

In part i. of vol. I, we are presented with a general history of Benedictine monachism, from the reign of Edgar, in whose time monachism began to wear a uniform aspect, to the dissolution. In this are comprised Dunstan's Concord of Rules—the Decretals of Lanfranc—Alfred of Revesby's 'Rerule of a Recluse'—Decrees of the Council of Lateran, anno 1215—Constitutions of Benedict the Twelfth, anno 1336—and two folding tables (which, by the bye, might have been more conveniently printed in pages) of the Rules of the Orders which obtained in England; viz. the Benedictine Rule, from which proceeded the Clugniacs, Cistercians, Grandmontines, and Carthusians; and three Augustinian Rules, to which were adapted the orders of the Præmonstratensians, Trinitarians, Dominicans, and Knights Hospitalers. To these are added the Rules blended, or unconnected with the Benedictines and Augustinians, as in the Orders of the Knights Templars, Gilbertines, Carmelites, Franciscans, Franciscan Nuns, Augustinian Eremites, Nuns of Fontevraud, Bon Hommes (Augustinians), and Brothers of the Sack.

In part ii, the author enters on the more particular detail of monastic customs, by an inquiry into the history of the monastic officers; and, first, of the abbot, the origin of the name, distinction between that and prior, his various duties, &c. From this account we shall extract two passages, on the power and privileges of an abbot, which will give our readers an idea of the information to be expected in this work.

'The power of an abbot was limited only by deviations from the rule; and latterly at least, there was no appeal allowed, because it would be to appeal from the law itself. But whatever was his power, if he or any officer was too rigid, the monks either fled, or made his life uncomfortable; accordingly, in the latter æras of monachism, in case any dispute arose between the prelates of different houses, or the prelates and their convents, it was to be referred to the visitors of those houses, or presidents of the last general chapter; who were to appoint arbitrators, and if they failed, it was to be delayed till the general chapter. But in the reign of Henry VIII. it was lawful to appeal to his visitors; and the prior of Walsingham says, if he offered correction, his monks "would rather appeal, as this man did, to the intent that in so doing they may lyve in great liberty." The monks too had other modes of vexing the abbot. He had one key of the place where the convent seal was kept, and the two others, or more, were in the hands of fit persons appointed by himself or the convent. This seal could not be applied without consent of the chapter; and a visitor was obliged to order, "that the abbot should diligently exhort and persuade his monks, easily and lovingly, to give consent to expose and bring out the common seal to seal the deeds, which the abbot, with the counsel of the more prudent, thought good to be sealed for the benefit of the house."

Commensurate with the power of an abbot, were his privileges. At one time to make knights—to confer the lesser orders—to dispense with irregularities in his monks—to give the benediction any where—to consecrate churches and cemeteries, and other ecclesiastical appendages—to appoint and depose priors of cells—to hold visitations once a year, and if there was a necessity oftener—to regulate the reception of nuns in subservient houses, and to give the benediction to subject nuns.—Besides parliamentary honours, they were sponsors to the children of the blood royal. Bells were rung in honour of them when they passed by churches belonging to them. They rode with hawks on their fists, on mules with gilded bridles, saddles, and cloths of blood colour, and with immense retinues. The noble children, whom they educated in their private families, served them as pages. They stiled themselves by “divine permission,” or the “grace of God,” and their subscription was their surnames, and name of the house. They associated with people of the first distinction, and shared the same pleasures with them, being accustomed to visit and dine with them. The abbot of St. Albans usually sat alone at the middle of the table at the great hall, where he was served in plate; and when any nobleman, or ambassador, or strangers of eminent quality, came thither, they sat at his table towards the end of it. Like the nobility too, they had their “privy councils” of certain monks. Vol. i. p. 117.

The offices of abbess, prior, prioress, sub-prior, sub-prioress, cellarer, cellaress, &c. &c., are described in this part, according to the best information that can now be collected; and some additional illustrations are given in an appendix, with which vol. I. concludes.

In vol. II, part iii, Mr. Fosbrooke considers the duties of monks, nuns, friars, hermits, novices, lay-brothers, lay-sisters, and servants.

The institution of the hermits will probably amuse our readers.

Hermits. Solitude was an essential characteristic of hermitages, and they were particularly seated in forests. The hermitage of Warkworth was one of the sweetest retirements in the known world, being a most elegant cavern hewn out of a rock; but that at Tottenham was, I believe, a house with apartments, unless these were modern. The hermitage of S. Briavel was a chantry of two monks; and had demesne lands, on which corn was grown. Gardens were appendages to them, and it seems hermits were in the habit of labouring in agriculture. (Fiacre, the eminent hermit, thought it necessary “to make a grete garden, wherein he sholde have alle manere of herbes good for to make potage with for to fede the poure.” Wulfa, a Dane, near his hermitage cultivated gardens. Another made a turning bridge over a ditch. Sometimes they had allowances from the crown. Some were placed in churches to look after them; Godric, of Finchall, maintained himself by a small field, which he dug himself, and gave away as much besides as he could; they are also coupled with laymen in respect to living by different trades and manual labour.) Alms-boxes were annexed to them. They were the great *emporium* of the village news; and were to be near towns or abbies, where they could

meet with sustenance. But sometimes they were neither the solitary or comfortable habitations which might, from the preceding description, be supposed. Roger, a monk of St. Alban's, lived as a hermit for years, and paid obedience to his abbot. With him lived five others, besides a female, named Christina, shut up in a hole by a heavy board, which she could not move, through which, by assistance, *exire foras non nisi sero licebat ad ea quæ natura poposcit.*

Monks could not be hermits without leave of the abbots. At St. Augustine's, Canterbury, anchorets were not to be made except by the ordinary, nor by the ordinary without consent of the abbot. Lyndwood says, the bishop's approbation was necessary for any one to become a hermit. Episcopal letters exist for the archdeacon to induct a hermit, the ceremony of which was as follows: he was to be advised by the bishop, or some other priest, to examine his conscience, whether he acted from piety sincere or feigned; and, if the answer was favourable, the priest was, by the order of the bishop, to shut him up. Provision was first to be made for his confession, and that, on the day preceding the ceremony, he received the refection of bread and water. On the night following he passed devout vigils in the church nearest the hermitage. On the morrow, after an exhortation to the people and the hermit, the priest began a responsory; and, upon the conclusion of it, prostrated himself, with his ministers, before the step of the altar, and said certain psalms. After these, the mass was celebrated in the neighbouring church, and an especial prayer said for the hermit. After the Gospel, he offered a taper, which was to burn upon the altar at the mass. The hermit then read the schedule of his profession, (which consisted only of the vows of obedience, chastity, and stedfastness), at the step of the altar; and, if he was a layman, the priest read it for him. He then made a sign of his intention, and offered it upon the altar kneeling. The priest consecrated the habit, and sprinkled that and the hermit with holy water. Then followed mass and litany; after which they went in procession to the hermitage. The priest took him by the right hand and led him to the house, which was then blessed and shut from without. The priest, with the assistants, retired, leaving the hermit within, and advised the standers-by to pray for him.

Whether hermits were in general respected, or of good character, may be doubted. One exists upon record, whose house the shepherds wanted to burn, and the inhabitants drove him away. Another had very nearly been stoned out of a town by the women, for preaching against their dress and pride. "The hermit of Dursley was awarded at the court of the manor of Ham, 8 Henry VIII. (*bind manu*), with two hands, to prove that the horse, which had thither strayed, and there been taken up, was not thieve-stolen by him, but his own proper goods." Piers Plowman speaks both well and ill:

Females, who were sometimes distinguished by the vulgar prefix of *mother*, were equally faulty. At a part of the abbey of Whalley, Lancashire, near the gate, one Isold Heton, widow, who had petitioned Henry VI. to be admitted anchoress there, afterwards went away disgusted; and it appears that other anchores and recluses had done the same before, and that divers of their servants attendant had been gotten with child within the said place. This event sometimes perhaps

happened to themselves; for, in the visitation of Edmundsbury, it is prescribed that "the monks do not hold frequent and familiar conversations with the nuns near the monastery, with recluse women, that so all ground of suspicion may be taken away."

'Hermits, it is well known, were obliged to say their canonical hours; and as Sim. of Gaunt's injunctions to his sisters anchoresses seem exclusive in respect to the institution in question, they were governed by some rule. He says, "Evrich vrideie of d'e zer holdeth silence; but gif hit beo dāble feste and teonne holdith hir sum other dei i the wike ithen advent and i the umbridayes, Wodnesdays, and Fridaies in the lanten, threo dayes, and al the swith'e wike vort non; of Ester even to oyr meiden, ge mayen thaut siggen mid' lut wordes what ze wulled', and gif eni god mon is of seorene ikumen herched' his speche and onswered mid lut wordes to his askunge." Hermits were thought sometimes to have the power of curing diseases. Unlike other religious they could possess property, and make a will.' Vol. ii. p. 55.

The reader will find in this volume a very interesting account of the writing-rooms, in which missals and other books were written, illuminated, and even bound, by the monks. But, for this and much other curious information, we must refer to the work itself, which does honour to the industry and learning of the author; and, we trust, will remove one of the obstacles with which he had to contend in writing it—'expense, without prospect of re-payment.'

ART. VI.—*Letters from France. Written by J. King, in the Months of August, September, and October, 1802. In which some Occurrences are related which are not generally known; and many Conjectures may be found that seemed to have anticipated recent Events. 8vo. 5s. Boards. Jones. 1803.*

IN a short advertisement, we are informed that—

'These Letters were sent by Mr. King to a friend in London; when he returned to England, he was asked for permission to make them public, to which he made no great objection, if he could be allowed first to correct them; but as Mr. King's affairs have engrossed his whole attention since his return, they are given to the world in their original state, only leaving out the gentleman's name to whom they were addressed, and some words of compliment.' P. 1.

What corrections Mr. King might have given to these letters, we know not; but, in their present state, they stand in need of more apology for publication than the advertisement conveys. We have looked in vain for that kind of information which the public expects from gentlemen who have visited consular France; and yet we could have excused many imperfections of style, if there had been matter

to repay us for the trouble of perusing what might have been written in England, as well as in France. The general contents are a string of trite reflexions on the past events of the revolution: but it must be allowed there are some singularities of opinion which may amuse the reader, and some attempts at picturesque description, which would have suited another metropolis rather better than Paris.

We are told that—

‘ The palace of the Tuilleries, the long and last residence of the Bourbons, preserves its beauty. The cannon-shot that made it shake to its foundations, and the blood that inundated the pavements, have left no traces of the rude scene of the tenth of August; the walls have been repaired, and the apartments re-adorned.’ p. 11.

It would appear by this that the *cannon-shot* and the *blood* either made no impression, or afterwards wiped away the little they had made: but this is not the author's meaning, if we refer to p. 100, where he tells us that ‘ every stone of the palace is *indented* with the cannon-shot of the 10th of August.’

So much for edifices!—As to manners, we are told—

‘ After so much devastation, the demolition of convents and cathedrals, the murder of so many inhabitants, the extirpation of clergy and nobility, we expect to see an alteration in every town and village, that every house would exhibit marks of the ravage, and *every countenance traits of sadness*; but’ (says Mr. King) ‘ it is not so; there is as much gayness and hilarity as if there had been no revolutionary tribunals, no executions, no permanent guillotine.’ p. 1.

On reading this, we felt an inclination to compliment the French on their wonderful good humour and forgiving spirit: but, alas! in p. 41, the inclination is completely destroyed.

‘ Every wound’ (says our traveler) ‘ is yet fresh, the terrors of the guillotine are not yet worn out; relations still deplore their murdered kindred, and indigent gentlemen sigh after their confiscated estates.’ p. 41.

Whether these accounts would have been reconciled, if our author had been at leisure to correct his letters, we know not; but at present he must allow there is some small inconsistency.

We have hinted that Mr. King has certain singularities of opinion: we do not allude to his frequent censures of the process of arrests in England, and his oblique reflexions on the late lord Kenyon: these are singular, only as being dated from Paris; nor is he, perhaps, singular in thinking madame Tallien ‘ a *desirable* woman:’ but we refer more particularly to his opinion of Robespierre, of whom he says, that, ‘ if

he had lived longer, perhaps, however problematical it may seem, the republic had been secured. Tallien destroyed Robespierre, and destroyed all the people's fears.' After this kind conjecture on Robespierre's *recipe for securing a republic*, the reader will not be surprised at the following apology for Santerre's conduct at the execution of the king.

' General Santerre has been blamed for commanding the drums to beat, when the king was haranguing the people on the scaffold; the king had in the tumult of Versailles, in the carnage of the Tuilleries, and in his long confinement and sufferings at the Temple, shewn a calmness that savored of apathy; now for the first moment of his life he felt emotion and was ruffled; he has been censured too, for mentioning his death with exultation. I wished to question Santerre on these two points, I touched on them and paused, he saw my drift and without hesitation entered on the subject; he said it was expected there would be a cry of mercy, and he had received peremptory orders to fire on those who called for mercy; he saw several well-known aristocrats surrounding the scaffold and preparing to cry out; an immense body of Marseillois watched them and meant to answer it with a contrary exclamation. If this contest had ensued, thousands would have perished in it; he perceived what was passing, and from the most humane motives, (and not to drown the king's voice, and distress him in his last few moments,) he ordered the drums to beat; and, though the duty of seeing the king's sentence executed, devolved on him, it was impossible he could rejoice at an event, that however necessary was distressing and lamentable; he deplored it as much as any man in France, and tried all he could to prevent it by repeated visits to the Temple, to instruct the king by what measures he might still save himself; he said several expedients were proposed to the king, but his rejection of them evinced that he had no confidence in the nation and would retort upon it if ever he possessed power. Once he thought the king would accede to his overtures, but he required some hours to ponder on them; he saw the queen in the interim and declined further treaty. In the last extremity he made another effort, he went once more to the king, and told him his life was in danger if he temporized any more, but if he would listen to his overtures the king would be saved and liberated, he would forfeit his existence if he failed; again the queen interposed, and Santerre was set at defiance. Soon after his doom was fixed, and negociation was unavailable. He complains that the king had no character, that he spoke like a parrot, and his actions seldom accorded with his words; his diction was pure, he was sententious, he delivered virtuous sentiments, and spoke with dignity, yet in action he was inconsistent and frivolous, his language was from books or instruction, no originality in it; he repeated what was suggested to him, but his deeds could not be controled; they were sudden and untutored; they betrayed his speeches and shewed that the king was no better than an automaton. Wild visionary hopes had deluded the imperious queen to her destruction; she still trusted to the idle professions of gallantry that the Quixot courtiers had formerly made her; she forgot that the pusillanimous nobility had aban-

doned their monarch and their country; she was vain and presumptuous; she fancied her relations would risk their own lives to save hers; and that all Europe would wage war, till she had again remounted the throne.

‘A little before the king’s trial, the queen, who did not want discernment, said, “Santerre, I believe you are an honest man, I wish I had taken your advice, I am a victim to my obstinacy, but do not presume on it, I know this fickle ungrateful people better than you do, they are constant to no point, and you in your turn, will be a victim to their perfidy;” he says he often recollects her prophetic words; the wrongs he has received are almost an accomplishment of her prediction; they have been true to no principles, sincere to no party; on whatever side or of whatever opinions, whoever has been prominent has been sacrificed; an undistinguishing fate has involved all orders of men; their talents could not screen them; their integrity afford no protection.

‘Santerre bears some resemblance in countenance and person, to Lewis the Sixteenth, but is infinitely more handsome, when he converses the features of his face indicate great benevolence, but when he is serious and composed, there is a cast of austerity in it. The pathetic manner in which he spoke on these subjects, the pain he felt at unmerited obloquy, which he is about refuting in a publication to which thousands bear testimony, have made him extremely unhappy; his general character is a confutation of the calumny, for he is an affable, friendly man, of soft manners and unshaken rectitude, he has refused employment under the present government, and maintains the principles he professed, when the revolution was at its summit.’
p. 68.

Not less ingenious is the apology for Manuel in Letter XVII; and in Letter XVIII we have even a story in favour of the duke of Orléans. From these specimens, it may be gathered, that a defence of revolutionary France is a principal object with this desultory writer, to whom, however, we would recommend to have his letters corrected, for a future edition, by some person whose notions of political government are reconcilable to historical fact and experience, and who might offer an apology for the atrocities of the revolution rather more consistent than the following:—

‘If there have been murders in Lewis the Sixteenth’s time, so were there murders in Charles the First’s time; if the French had a Carrier, we had a Kirke; their Robespierre, hardly exceeded our Jeffrey’s [*Jefferies*]; and the sacrifice of Bailly and the twenty-two, had a precedent in the deaths of Russel and Algernon Sydney.’ p. 104.

A small degree of acquaintance with history may probably instruct our author that Kirke and Jefferies, Russel and Sydney, are *not usually* classed under the reign of Charles the First.

ART. VII.—*Delphine: a Novel. Translated from the French of Madame de Staël Holstein. 3 Vols. 12mo. 15s. Boards. Robinsons. 1803.*

THIS is one of the most fascinating novels we have lately met with; and we are sorry, on this very account, that it has been translated into our own language—for we abominate both its religion and its morals. The translation, however, has been made; and it now becomes us, as impartial reporters of general literature, circumstantially to investigate its merits.

The object of madame de Staël, consistently with the motto in her title-page, is to prove, that, while ‘a man ought to be capable of braving the opinion of the world, a woman must submit to it.’—The opinions of the world, like purity of taste, are generally founded upon the excellence of that which produces them; and we see no reason, therefore, why man should resist what woman is compelled to admit: but, without logically discussing this doctrine, or offering any extract from the preface by which the volumes before us are introduced—and which, if the readers of novels on the continent resemble the majority of those of our own country, might well have been reserved for some other occasion—we will abruptly hasten to the narrative itself, premising only that it is communicated to us, after the example of Richardson and Rousseau, in the form of a series of letters from the different characters of which it consists.

Delphine d’Albemar, the interesting heroine of the piece, is introduced to us at the age of about twenty-one, having just lost her husband, a most worthy man, but not less than forty years older than herself, to whom she had been married at the age of *sixteen*, and who now, in consideration of the virtues of which she is possessed—and, indeed, at the solicitation of his own sister, an elderly but most amiable woman, who had retired from the world for the purpose of religious exercises—had bequeathed to her the whole of his ample fortune. Delphine, at the moment we become acquainted with her, is in one of the most enviable situations towards which a young woman can possibly aspire. Her youth is in its full bloom, her beauty unrivaled, her understanding highly cultivated, her wit brilliant, her income affluent, her heart the kindest and most generous in the world, seeking for opportunities of doing all the good in her power, and equally beloved and admired by all who know her. Her first act of generosity is to make a present of a considerable estate to Matilda de Vernon, a cousin of her late husband, to whom overtures of matrimony had been proposed from the mother of Leontius de Mondoville, a Spanish lady of high

rank and dignity, in favour of her son. Matilda is also beautiful in no small degree: but, having been rigidly educated by her mother, madame de Vernon, in all the observances of the catholic religion, there is in her manner a perpetual reserve and inacquaintance with the world, which more qualifies her for a convent than for a court. Her heart is nevertheless good and gentle; and she is resolute in the performance of whatever she believes to be her duty. Madame de Vernon, notwithstanding the education she had thus assigned her daughter, is of a very different character herself. She is completely the woman of fashion, with manners the most fascinating, and a heart solely occupied with self-interest, regardless of the steps she pursues to accomplish whatever end she may meditate, and sure to acquire it by the seductive talents with which nature has endowed her. Finding that, without the property offered her by mademoiselle d'Albémar, she cannot put her daughter into a situation to meet the wishes of madame de Mondoville, she gratefully accepts it; and resolves, as Delphine may hereafter be of additional service to her, to gain the entire possession of her confidence and affections.—The terms of the proposed marriage being agreed upon, Leontius de Mondoville parts from Spain, to behold, for the first time, his intended bride; and, at the moment he is introduced to her, he is introduced also to Delphine, who is cordially invited by her aunt, madame de Vernon, to be present on the occasion. Leontius is the counter-part of Delphine d'Albémar, in every quality of person and mind. The only difference between them proceeding from this source—that, while the latter never consults more than the dictates of her own conscience on the performance of any action which she thinks the comfort or convenience of others requires of her, the latter, from the high-spirited education he has received, is completely the instrument of honour, and is regulated by the dictates of the world, rather than by those of his own judgment, or even personal inclination.

It cannot be difficult to perceive that Leontius de Mondoville should, from the first interview, be sensible of a far greater partiality for Delphine than for his intended bride, nor that this partiality should be mutual. Delphine, as the reader may well suppose, soon becomes sensible of the injustice of indulging such an inclination, and resolves to stifle the unwarrantable flame in its birth. But what are the resolutions of lovers? her heart is formed for the most ardent affection: each soon perceives that neither can survive, if they be not united to each other; and they swear an eternal attachment. This, as may naturally be supposed, is soon perceived also by madame de Vernon; and, determined not

to be frustrated in her scheme respecting her own daughter, she devises a variety of the basest stratagems, and takes every opportunity afforded by the confidence which Delphine reposes in her (who esteems it a duty to acknowledge to her her affection for Leontius), to ruin her in the opinion of her lover. She influences madame de Mondoville in her behalf, by encouraging, even in Spain, a misrepresentation of the character of Delphine; and having at length fully worked, moreover, upon the jealousy of Leontius, and convinced him of her attachment to another person, the heart of the young and impetuous Spaniard becomes rent with the utmost agony; and, in a fit of despair, at the very moment he is expected by Delphine, he gives his hand to Matilda; who, perpetually engaged in the performance of her religious duties, knows nothing of her having been supplanted in the affections of the man she thus marries.

The die is now thrown; and the misery of Leontius and Delphine commences from this precipitate action.—Leontius soon discovers, however, that he has been imposed upon by madame de Vernon; but does not know that he has been imposed upon designedly—for he finds that the person he suspected to have been a gallant of Delphine's is only a lover of her friend, madame d'Ervin. The heart of Delphine is nearly broken: but she supports her situation with becoming dignity, though she never ceases to feel an inextinguishable affection for Leontius. The great part that now remains to be played by madame de Vernon is to prevent all explanation between the unfortunate pair; since she dreads the violence of the temper of her son-in-law, whom she knows to be still secretly attached to Delphine, and since much of the ample fortune of the latter is still necessary to extricate her from very heavy and pressing debts she had long incurred by a series of ill luck in gaming. In both respects she succeeds. And hitherto we have nothing very strikingly exceptionable. But the blind confidence which Delphine still reposes in her aunt—even in spite of the warnings of her best friends, and her own ocular proofs of imprudence and deceit—impeaches her judgement, whatever compliment it may pay to her generosity. This, however, we will pardon: but why should a being of the noble nature and immaculate character of Delphine—since the creation of her mind and person depended upon the plastic hand of madame de Staël—be made to countenance, out of any species of friendship whatever, an illicit amour between madame d'Ervin and her gallant, M. Serbellane, even allowing that M. d'Ervin had grossly misconducted himself towards his wife, and was of an age, in comparison with her own, which must set all love at defiance?—why should she be made to suffer an

assignation between them, at her own house, even though M. Serbellane is on the point of quitting Paris, and separating himself—perhaps for ever—from the object of his affections?—and why, more especially, after the fatal duel between himself and M. d'Ervin, should she endeavour to overcome the scruples of her friend, and advise her to marry the murderer of her husband? That she had been unguardedly betrayed into a promise of procuring an interview in the former instance, and thought herself bound both by friendship and honour to fulfil it, though her judgement condemned the asylum she granted—and that, in the latter, she was afterwards happy to find her arguments had made little impression on the mind of madame d'Ervin, and approved of her retiring from the world and assuming the veil—we do not forget: but the more specious and plausible the conduct, the more dangerous the example.—We afterwards find her renewing a very intimate friendship with madame de Lebensey, who had taken an advantage afforded her by the laws of her country (Holland), and had divorced herself from one husband, that she might marry another. This divorce is justified, on the part of the lady, by the gross misconduct of her first husband, and the compulsory nature of her first marriage: madame de Lebensey is represented as a pattern of conjugal fidelity and propriety in her second connexion; and the delicacy of the mind of Delphine herself upon this subject is afterwards established, by her refusal to listen to hints thrown out by this same M. de Lebensey, *still a man of unspotted honour*, that, in consequence of the late law of divorce of the French republic, then in the very act of passing, the union so ardently desired between herself and Leontius might yet be effected. There is a magnanimity in the conduct of Delphine in this instance, in which the domestic felicity of her cousin, madame de Mondoville, is intimately concerned,—as well as in a variety of others, in which she readily consents to sacrifice her own happiness to promote that of her friend—to which we are very ready to give unqualified applause; but the arguments in favour of divorce, though resisted by herself, are here again brought forward with too much prominence, and are certainly ill calculated for the waning morality of the present day.

Delphine, however, eventually becomes acquainted with the perfidy of madame de Vernon, whose health, as well as fortune, at length falls a sacrifice to the late hours with which she pursues her inclination for gaming; and here, too, the goodness of her heart, and the superior tone of her mind, interest us most feelingly in her favour. She knows the passion Leontius still entertains for her; and, while she freely pardons the dying madame de Vernon, and sincerely ac-

cepts her repentance, she cautiously conceals the information which madame de Vernon had thus confidentially communicated to her, because she knows that the happiness of madame de Mondoville is closely connected with such concealment. The dying scene of madame de Vernon is drawn with much spirit; and we shall select it, not only as a fair specimen of the work, but to show our readers what is the sort of religion they are to expect in this seductive novel. Was it then impossible to show the absurdity of the rites prescribed by the Romish religion at this awful moment, without rejecting all revealed religion whatever, and reverting, for consolation, to that empty and undefinable thing, which, in modern times, is denominated the religion of nature—a religion which, even in its utmost purity of precepts and doctrines, the best and wisest of the heathen world have found woefully unsatisfactory and inefficient?

‘ Madame de Lebessey to Louisa d’Albémar.

‘ Paris, December 2.

‘ How cruel a scene, madam, am I commissioned to relate to you! madame d’Albémar is confined to her bed, in a burning fever, and I myself have scarcely sufficient strength to fulfill the duties which my friendship for you and for her imposes on me. You have condescended, she has told me, to remember me with kind concern; and it is perhaps to you that I am indebted for the good will of this most perfect of beings. How shall I ever be able to testify my gratitude for so great a service? What a soul, what a character has she! and the most distressing circumstances are for ever to deprive a woman like this of all hope of happiness!

‘ Madame de Vernon is no more. Yesterday, at eleven o’clock in the morning, she expired in the arms of Delphine. An unfortunate fatality rendered her last moments terrible. I will endeavour to give you a connected account of the events of the last twelve hours, of which I shall never lose the remembrance. Excuse my perturbation, should I be unable to subdue it.

‘ At twelve o’clock, the night before last, madame d’Albémar returned to madame de Vernon’s apartment, and found her on a sofa, the oppression of her breast not having allowed her to remain in bed. The alarming paleness of her countenance would have excited doubts of her being alive, if her eyes had not from time to time showed a degree of animation in looking at Delphine. Delphine sought, in the works of ancient and modern moralists, divines and philosophers, what was best calculated to support the drooping soul under the terror of death. The chamber was dimly lighted: madame d’Albémar placed herself near a lamp, the shaded rays of which shed on her countenance an air of mystery. She grew animated as she read those pages to which souls of sensibility and daring geniuses have committed their generous thoughts. You know her enthusiasm for every thing grand and noble: this habitual feeling was heightened by the desire of making a profound impression on madame de Vernon’s heart: her voice naturally so affecting, had something of solemn in it; she frequently raised to-

wards the Supreme Being a look worthy of success in imploring him : her uplifted hand invited Heaven to witness the truth of her words ; and her whole attitude was marked with inexpressible grace and dignity.' Vol. i. P. 443.

' At this moment I heard two doors open with remarkable violence, in a house where the greatest precaution was taken to prevent the slightest noise, which might disturb madame de Vernon ; the hasty tread of feet too struck my ear : I rose, and beheld Leontius entering with a letter in his hand (it was that from madame de Vernon, which contained the confession of her conduct). He quivered with rage, was pale with cold, and his whole external appearance indicated that he was just arrived from a long journey : in reality, for seven days and nights, through frost and snow, he had travelled from Madrid, without stopping : the instant he arrived he had rushed into madame de Vernon's house without speaking to any person, as if distracted with agitations and sufferings, mental and bodily.

' Delphine looked round, uttered a shriek on seeing Leontius, and stretched out her arms towards him, without knowing what she did. This movement and the altered countenance of Delphine, completed the almost total derangement of Leontius's reason ; and, hastily taking her by the arm, as if to drag her away :—What are you doing (cried he, addressing madame de Vernon, whose face he could not see, a curtain, half-drawn before the sofa, concealing her from his view) what are you doing to this poor unfortunate victim ? what new perfidy are you employing against her ? This letter, which you addressed to me in Spain, was delivered to me by the courier, just as I arrived, as I was coming to clear up the dreadful doubt, with which Delphine's silence, and a letter from a friend, had pervaded my mind : here is the letter ! it contains the recital of your barbarous falsehoods. I was not to receive it, you said, till after Delphine's departure : was this another scheme, to prevent my return to Paris, and to draw the unfortunate Delphine into some new snare during my absence ?—Leontius ! said madame d'Albémar, how unjust and cruel you are ! madame de Vernon is dying, do you not know this ?—Dying ! re-echoed Leontius ; no, and I do not believe it ; she feigns it for the purpose of exciting your pity. And will you suffer yourself again to be deceived by her detestable artifice ? What, Delphine, you had written to me that I was to depend on madame de Vernon's explanation, and she employed that very proof of your confidence, to convince me, that you were in love with M. de Serbellane, whereas you were a generous victim sacrificing yourself to the reputation of madame d'Ervin's ! And you, Delphine, who supposed me to have been acquainted with the truth—you must have thought me the weakest, the most ungrateful, and most unfeeling of mankind ; that I condemned you for your virtues, that I abandoned you for your misfortunes ! I have my faults, and advantage has been taken of them, to give some colour of probability to a conduct the most cruel towards the most lovely and most gentle of her sex. But this is not all : an obstacle in point of fortune opposed my union with Matilda ; and that obstacle is removed by Delphine, the pattern of boundless generosity, the victim of shameless ingratitude ! I was ignorant of that service, and she is punished for having per-

formed it; all is mystery around me; I am entangled in the toils of falsehood; and when at length I learn that I am loved, and that I have always been loved (said he, in a heart-rending tone of voice) I am bound, fettered for ever! I see her whom I adore, who is the object of my love, of my eternal regret: she stretches out her arms to her unfortunate friend: every feature in her face bears the mark of sorrow; and I can do nothing for her relief! I rejected her when she was on the point of giving herself to me, when she shed perhaps bitter tears for my loss; and it was you, said he, calling upon madame de Vernon, it was you

‘The inexpressible anguish of that unfortunate woman excited in me the most profound pity. Delphine, who suffered by it still more severely than I, exclaimed:—Stop! Leontius: stop! a fatal accident has brought her to the verge of the grave: if you knew by how many sincere and affecting testimonies of regret she has since endeavoured to atone for the fault, which maternal love had impelled her to commit!—If it was her daughter that she wished to serve, she will be severely punished, exclaimed Leontius, she will have to reproach herself with her misery and mine. Break, perfidious woman, (said he to madame de Vernon) break asunder those ties which you have woven with falsehoods! give me back the day, the morning of that day, when I had not yet heard your deceitful tongue, when I was still free to marry Delphine, give it back to me!—Ah! Leontius! replied madame de Vernon, do not persecute me on the brink of the grave; accept my repentance.—Recover your recollection, interrupted Delphine, addressing Leontius: observe the condition of that unfortunate woman! can you be inaccessible to pity?—Pity! he replied with a fierce and bewildered air: pity! for whom? for her? ah! if it be true, that she is dying, pray Heaven to grant that I may exchange situations with her, that on that bed of pain, I may be regretted by Delphine, and that she may wear in my stead, those adamant chains with which *she* has loaded me, that she may herself fulfill that long destiny of sufferings to which her deep dissimulation has condemned me.—Barbarian! exclaimed Delphine; what can be done to melt you, to obtain from you one gentle word to sooth the dying moments of poor Sophia? and *I* too! have not *I* suffered? since the time when I lost the hope of being united to you, has a single day passed without witnessing my detestation of life? I entreat you in the name of my tears, my misfortunes.—Misfortunes, which she has caused, interrupted Leontius, what do you require of me?

‘Delphine was going to answer, when madame de Vernon, raising herself like a spectre from the tomb, and leaning upon me, made a signal to Delphine to let her speak. Supported by my arm, she came forward from the recess where her sofa was placed, and the light now showing her whole person, Leontius was struck with the sight of her emaciated condition, of which he had not before been able to judge: this spectacle suddenly calmed his fury; he sighed, cast down his eyes, and I saw, even before madame de Vernon had begun to speak, how great a change had taken place in the disposition of his soul.

‘Delphine, said madame de Vernon, do not ask of Leontius a pardon which he cannot grant me, since his whole heart disavows it: I have perhaps deserved the torment he inflicts on me: you, my dear

Delphine, had shed too much comfort over the close of my life: I was not sufficiently punished: but prevail on him at least to pledge his word to me that he will not entail misery on Matilda; let my faults be buried with me, and let their fatal consequences not pursue my memory after my death: prevail on him to conceal from Matilda the history of his marriage, and his love for you.—To whom, said Leontius, whose indignation had by this time given place to the deepest dejection—to whom do you wish I should promise happiness? alas! I have nothing, nothing to shed around me but sorrow!—If you refuse me that request also, said madame de Vernon, it will be too great severity towards me; yes, too great indeed.—I felt her faint away in my arms, and I hastened to replace her on the sofa.

Delphine, animated by a generous impulse which raised her above even her affection for Leontius, approached madame de Vernon, and said to her in a solemn voice, in a tone of inspiration:—Yes! poor creature! it is too much; but that cruel man, deaf to our prayers, is not the interpreter of Heaven's justice. I take you under my protection: if he insult you, it is I whom he will offend: if he do not pronounce at your feet such words as carry comfort to the soul, it is my heart that he will alienate. You desire that he may pay regard to your daughter's happiness: well! I render myself responsible for that happiness: I swear to her expiring mother that it shall be sacred in my sight; and, if Leontius wishes to preserve my esteem, and that remembrance of love which is still dear to us amid our regrets, if he wishes to do that, he will not disturb Matilda's peace; he will never derogate from the respect which she owes to the memory of her mother. Hapless woman! whose heart Leontius has not scrupled to wound! I pledge myself as surety for the accomplishment of your wishes: listen to me I entreat you; listen to me alone.—Yes, said madame de Vernon, in a voice scarcely intelligible, I hear you, Delphine, I bless you: the blessing of a dying person is always holy; receive it, come to me. . . . She leaned her head on Delphine's shoulder, and Leontius, at the sight of that spectacle, fell on his knees at the foot of madame de Vernon's bed, exclaiming:—Yes, I am a wretched maniac! yes, Delphine is an angel! Pardon me, that she also may grant me her forgiveness: pardon me whatever mischief I may have done to you.—Do you hear, Sophia? said madame d'Albemar to madame de Vernon, who no longer made any answer to Leontius: do you hear? his injustice is already past; his heart is coming back to you.—Yes, replied Leontius, it is coming back to you, and he is perhaps going to die.—In fact, so many agitations, added to so long a journey in the depth of winter, and without any rest, had thrown him into such a condition, that he dropped senseless on the floor in our presence!

Judge of my terrour, judge what must have been the feelings of Delphine! She could not quit madame de Vernon, whose ice-cold hands grasped hers; and in this situation she saw Leontius before her stretched as it were lifeless on the floor. Madame de Vernon, amid the convulsions of the last agony, once more seised Delphine's hand before she expired. Delphine, in a state which baffles all description, supported in her arms the dead body of her friend, and, with her eyes riveted on Leontius, exclaimed:—Madame de Lebessey! gracious

Heaven! is he yet alive? tell me. . . . On hearing my shrieks madame de Mondoville came hastily in. Her mother was no more; and her husband, whom she thought in Spain, lay senseless before her eyes. She attributed his misfortune to the shock he had received from her mother's death, and, deeply affected by seeing him in such a condition, she displayed, in assisting him, a presence of mind, and a sensibility capable of exciting an interest in her favour.

Leontius was carried to another apartment. Delphine had all this while remained motionless, and in a bewildered state of mind. She still supported on her bosom the body of her lifeless friend, and by her looks of anxious interrogation enquired of me what I thought of Leontius. I assured her, that he would soon recover, and that his emotion and fatigue were the sole cause of the accident which had befallen him. At this moment madame de Mondoville, who had left the room, returned with her priests, and all the apparatus of death. Delphine then understood that madame de Vernon had breathed her last; and, gently placing on her bed that woman at once interesting and culpable, she kneeled down before her, kissed her hand with tenderness and respect, and withdrawing from the dismal scene, suffered herself to be conducted home by me, without uttering a word.

I caused her to be put to bed, for she was manifestly in a very strong fever. We have repeatedly sent to make enquiries concerning M. de Mondoville; he is recovered from his swoon, but is still greatly indisposed, though not to a degree that threatens danger. M. Barton, who happily arrived yesterday evening, came this morning to see Delphine; but she was so strongly agitated, that it would not have been prudent to suffer her to converse with him. He only told me, that having prevailed on madame d'Albemar to abstain from writing to Leontius, for fear of irritating him against his mother-in-law, he had nevertheless thought it right to say a few words for the purpose of making his mind easy, in a letter which he had addressed to him: but the obscurity itself of that letter, added to Delphine's silence, had thrown Leontius into such a state of anxious uncertainty, that he instantly set out from Spain, in hopes of reaching Paris before madame d'Albemar's departure for Languedoc.

M. Barton did not conceal from me that he felt great uneasiness respecting the resolutions of Leontius: he receives madame de Mondoville's attentions with gentleness: but when he is alone with M. Barton, he appears unalterably determined to spend his life with madame d'Albemar. His passion for her has now risen to such a height, that there would seem to be no possibility of restraining it. M. Barton is without hope, except in the courage and virtue of madame d'Albemar herself. He thinks that henceforward she ought to avoid the sight of Leontius, and to pursue her project of going to live with you. That such also is Delphine's resolution I cannot doubt; for I heard her say in a low voice, when she thought there was no person near her:—No! I ought not to see him again: I love him too well: he too loves me: no, I ought not, I must depart.—

Yet what is to become of these unfortunate lovers? with their present feelings, and in their present condition, how can they live either separate or together? My husband has come to me here, and has restored my courage which had begun to fail me. He has told me,

that he will do every thing in his power to afford consolation to madame d'Albémar; but what service can even he, the most enlightened and refined of men, render her? Does your perfect friendship, madam, suggest any thing, which does not occur to us, that is calculated to console her? I readily admit the energy of madame d'Albémar's character, and the severity of her principles; but, alas! it is too certain that no determination can henceforward reconcile her happiness and her duty.

' Accept, madam, the homage of my esteem for you.

' Eliza de Lebensey.

Vol. ii. p. 452.

This extract is sufficient for every purpose. The second volume is devoted almost exclusively to the loves of Leontius and Delphine, carried on, nevertheless, without the suspicion of madame de Mondoville, to whom it is the resolution of both parties that they will conduct themselves with the utmost degree of kindness. Blended with this passionate intercourse, we find an insufferable portion of the cant of what may be called sentimental religion, which is, nevertheless, scarcely sufficient to preserve the very *ardent* but unfortunate pair from positive criminality of connexion. Delphine, however, still continues in this respect pure, notwithstanding the *fiery trials* to which she is often exposed. Madame de Mondoville herself becomes at length acquainted with the amour; and, finding that the peace of mind of the latter is now in danger of being completely ruined, Delphine collects courage enough to act as she should have acted at first; and abruptly, though in an agony of grief, quits Paris, leaving the impetuous Leontius in total ignorance of her retreat, lest he should again pursue her.

In vol. III, we learn that madame de Mondoville is a few months afterwards delivered of a son, and that she shortly falls a sacrifice to the maternal duty of suckling him, with a constitution too delicate for such an office. The child survives his mother but a few days; and Leontius, having paid to each the respect which common decency requires, sallies forth, like a knight-errant, in pursuit of the idol of his heart. He at length learns that she has retired to a convent in Switzerland: he pursues her with all possible speed; but finds, alas! that his own freedom is now acquired too late—for Delphine has assumed the veil.—Here madame de Staël should, in our judgement, have concluded her work, unless, indeed, she had made an Abelard of Leontius, as she might have made an Eloïsa of Delphine. We say, *might have made*—for, though both solemnly devote themselves to their Creator, there is an infinite difference in the circumstances of these unfortunate fair ones: the former renouncing the world from her very soul, and most cor-

dially dedicating her life to the services of the religion she equally professed and believed; the latter only pretending to take the veil as the lesser of two evils, still glowing with love for Leontius, panting for an opportunity of being united to him, disgusted with the ceremonies of the Romish religion, and a confirmed infidel in her heart. It is for madame de Staël herself to reconcile this open dissimulation and mockery of the Supreme Being, with the honest and unblemished soul which she still paints her accomplished heroine as possessing.—Love is seldom at a loss to accomplish the object he has in view; and Delphine, in a few days, learns, that, in consequence of the neglect of some formalities during the period of her noviciate, she is still at liberty, and that the convent has no right to detain her. Leontius and herself receive the intelligence with eager delight; and she escapes from the fetters that confine her. Happiness, however, is not to be her portion. Leontius cannot even now brave the opinion of the world, and have it told him that he had seduced a young nun from her vows to the Almighty, and had run away with her from her convent. In a fit of despair, he leaves her abruptly, with a view of entering into the royalist army of France, that he might shortly fall, and thus terminate his miseries: he finds a relative of his own attacked and overpowered by an outpost of republican troops: he extricates him from his danger, but is taken prisoner himself, is tried, and condemned to be shot. Delphine, dreading the violence of his irritable disposition, follows him, with her friend M. Serbellane; hears of his imprisonment, visits him in his dungeon, and finally accompanies him to the place of execution, where she falls at the same moment with himself, from the effect of poison she had previously taken.—In this termination, we can perceive nothing either of dramatic dignity or dramatic justice: it is in every respect contemptible; and exemplifies the art of sinking, in a greater degree than any publication we have lately met with. The novel is, nevertheless, upon the whole, as we have already observed, highly seductive and captivating: it displays much knowledge of the world, and a considerable acquaintance with the human heart. The translation is easy and natural; and, so far as we have compared it with the original, which is now before us, correct. *Decadence*, *presentation*, and some other words, however, which we have occasionally met with, are not English: nor is Leontius either French, English, or Spanish. If the French termination had been rejected, the Spanish should have been restored; and, for Leonce de Mondoville, we should then have had Leontio de Mondovilla.

ART. VIII.—*Sermons, on various Subjects, doctrinal and moral; selected, abridged, and translated, from l'Année Évangélique of F. J. Durand. By the Rev. Richard Munkhouse, D.D. &c. 8vo. 7s. Boards. Rivingtons. 1802.*

PROFESSOR Durand distinguished himself by his lectures as well as his discourses at Lausanne. A collection of the latter was published in Switzerland, and very favourably received; and from these the writer before us has compiled the present volume, not confining himself strictly, however, either to the arrangement or words of the original author. Hence he very properly doubts whether he should call his work a translation; and the reader is advertised not to pass an improper judgement on any thing it contains, or impute rashly an error to the original, for which the compiler alone is perhaps responsible. We cannot hesitate to join in the general commendation of the author, from the specimens thus afforded us: yet we may with propriety call in question the translator's method, as it would certainly give greater pleasure to read each discourse as it came from the author himself, than to have it thus carved out at another man's discretion: and, as it is proposed that a second volume should be added, there seems to be still less reason for presenting this before us to the public in so mangled a form. In general, the spirit of the original is well preserved: Gallicisms will at times occur; and the translator does not always bear it in mind, that he should use words familiar to an English audience. Thus, we find Phœnice for Phœnicia; and the expression that 'whole nations have deposed to the obstinacy of their unbelief,' to convey a sentiment not easily to be derived from these words.

In the preface, the writer laments the present miserable state of the Swiss, and ascribes to them, as is very commonly the case, many perfections in their former state, to which they were assuredly strangers. It is not generally considered that this unhappy country was much divided at all times, both in religion and politics; that the grossest superstition abounded in several parts; and that, even in those which boasted of the greatest share of liberty, a system of dependence on foreign courts, and the degrading custom of hiring themselves out to foreign governments, were still common. The 'once virtuous and gallant Swiss' were deservedly the admiration of Europe; but for the application of this character, we must travel some centuries back, before their manners had been debauched by the immorality introduced from foreign courts. Philosophism, one of the *ignes fatui* of the present day, and which has so much flourished in Helvetia, was readily conveyed, by those who at length returned

home, into the remotest recesses of their native country; and what lighter error could be expected from protestants, who devoted themselves to the service of any foreign power, and who would fight for the very church by which their own religion was proscribed?

‘Not to philosophism alone must be attributed all the horrors which have flowed in like a torrent upon that so late contented and happy people. Various other causes, we may reasonably suppose, have combined to dissolve a confederacy, which seemed formed to endure throughout many generations. Of these causes, among the chief may be reckoned the military emigrations of the Helvetic youth; who, entering into the service of monarchical France, thus occasioned a sensible depopulation of the cantons, either by falling in the battles of their allies, or by returning home (after a long absence) with constitutions broken down by hardships or disease, their hearts corrupted, and their minds emasculated by luxury. Hence much of that dissipation and effeminacy so recently observable; hence the detestable revolution in the morals and manners of the Helvetians; hence a flagrant relaxation in the discharge of religious and social duties; and hence, likewise, a no inconsiderable diminution of that pervading spirit of patriotism, which prefers (to that of every other) the welfare and prosperity—which values and relishes (above those of every other) the blessings and advantages, the scenery, society, and connexions—of native home, and native country.’ P. xvii.

Professor Durand was not a Swiss: yet his attachment to the country was equal to that of a native. Situated in one of the most delightful spots in the Pays de Vaud, in a respectable situation, he could not feel any of those political inconveniences of which others might probably have a right to complain. Nature, in all her most beautiful and majestic forms, was daily present to his eye; and the prospect of approaching confusion must naturally have produced the most melancholy effects on his mind. The causes of it, from various passages in these sermons, he evidently attributed to philosophism—not considering that the proper methods were not taken to prevent the spirit of inquiry from producing dangerous consequences, by pushing too far those reforms in religion and government, which the nature of the case required. Hence the old constitution of Switzerland found, like that of the French, very little support when vigorously attacked; and the majority in both countries, sensible of ills under which they labored, and aggravating them by imaginary complaints, forgot, in their ardor to destroy one fabric, the necessary precaution of previously collecting the materials for another.

There are twenty-seven discourses in this volume; and they are chiefly on moral subjects. We shall extract a few passages, whence our readers may form an estimate of the

general character both of the original and the translation. In a discourse on 'the fear of man,' is the following remark on cowardice—a quality much more general than is usually imagined, and to be found not rarely among those who make the greatest pretensions to bravery and magnanimity.

'Cowardice, on the contrary, consists in having no fixed principles of our own to act upon; in regulating ourselves on the most important occasions according to the opinions and prejudices of the world, and in unresistingly submitting to the tyrannous wills of others. It is (at the time that we lie under a continual obligation of suppressing our finest feelings, and disguising our real sentiments) to be mean-spirited and cowardly, when we betray an over-solicitude, not about the propriety or rectitude of our actions, but about the judgement that shall be formed of them; when we are displeased with ourselves on the grounds of our own ideas and inclinations, from an idle preference to the inclinations and ideas of others; when we do not dare to execute any thing, to undertake any thing, without first consulting, without manifesting a previous deference to the opinions of the world. We are then cowardly, when we subscribe to what we cannot approve, and appear satisfied with what we have every just cause to be displeased, and cannot avoid being greatly offended at; when we cover the countenance with smiles and seeming serenity, at the moment that we are inwardly disgusted with the most flagrant exhibitions of vice, or folly; continually disguising ourselves after a thousand unmanly and contradictory methods, without ever so much as venturing to seem to be, what we really and truly are; when we drag the chains of pusillanimity and infamy, even at the time that we are fully sensible of their weight, and have it in our power to break them, and cast them away. Thus it is, that they, to whom "the fear of man bringeth a snare," think, speak, act, temporize, and dissemble.' P. 23.

From St. Paul's speech to the Athenians, occasion is taken to make some just remarks on the nature of superstition.

'To be superstitious, therefore, is—to decide upon religion, and the nature of the worship due to God, not according to distinct and accurate conceptions of a holy, just, and perfect Being; not according to the relation which he bears to his rational creatures; not according to what he himself hath deigned to reveal to us, but according to our own arbitrary reasonings, and erroneous opinions. Contemplated in these different points of view, superstition has all along characterized itself either as sanguinary and intolerant; as an absurd and unmeaning worship; or, as the delirious ravings of the minds of those, who are confident when they ought to fear, who fear where they ought to hope, and thereby heinously offend Him, whom they profess to honour. Such is the impure and copious source, from whence so many poisoned streams of error and of misery flow.' P. 65.

'To guard ourselves against becoming superstitious we must search the Scriptures. We must always remember, that the light of truth

is not altogether free from a mixture of darkness and obscurity; and that our feeble and limited faculties can never be brought fully to comprehend the wise and infinite plans of omniscience and omnipresence; of Him, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain. We must also fortify our minds in the firm persuasion, that all fundamental truths—truths which are absolutely necessary to salvation, are clearly revealed in the word of God; but that its mysteries are of the number of those “secret things which belong unto the Lord.” We likewise perceive, that it is especially incumbent on us, to draw from this fountain of light and life, distinct and appropriate ideas of the Supreme Being, and of the relations which he condescends to maintain with us; for such is the only solid and good foundation of true piety, and righteousness of life. Whoever unhappily neglects to supply himself with these ideas, necessarily contemplates the Deity in a point of view highly derogatory to his adorable attributes: he views him under a form which is not his, and which indeed in no wise resembles him. He supposes God to be altogether such a one as himself: he imputes to him human weaknesses, which he is simple enough to look upon in the light of divine perfections. He first ascribes to God (whose wisdom is infinite) certain wild and chimerical notions, and then, consistently enough with his mistaken apprehensions, worships him with a wild and chimerical worship.

‘ I must here also insist upon the obligation we are under of cultivating our reason with the most assiduous care, and of advancing ourselves in the knowledge of all those sciences, which are calculated to inform and improve the mind, whenever our condition, and that state of life in the which it hath pleased God to place us, afford opportunity and leisure for such attainments. We shall thus be enabled to perceive the beauty and force of evangelical demonstrations, and fully comprehend that “harmonious whole,” which is happily made up of the various sublime truths and precepts of Christianity; otherwise, it will be impossible to discern the superiority of revealed, over natural religion. The more we cultivate our reason, the greater our consciousness, at the same time, of its narrow limits, and total insufficiency to supply us with unerring rules of conduct, and the more firmly do we become persuaded, that revelation is destined to supply the imperfections, and reform the vices, of the unregenerate man. To these remedies, we must, lastly, add the practice of those virtues which the Gospel enjoins; above all, frequent and fervent prayer to God, that he will be pleased to endue us with that wisdom, of which we stand in need, and which is solely to be derived from him. We must individually and devoutly ask of God with the pious psalmist; “O Lord, open thou mine eyes, that I may behold the wonderful things of thy law:—Make me to go in the path of thy commandments, for therein is my desire.” p. 70.

The day of judgement is a subject of too solemn and too interesting a nature, not to make a deep impression on the least reflecting mind; and we tremble for the orator, lest, in his attempt to bring before us the great truths of revelation upon this topic, their sublimity should be degraded, or improper ideas excited. Our preacher seems to have been

upon his guard against both defects ; yet, after labouring to his utmost, he found himself compelled, towards his conclusion, to borrow from that commanding eloquence, which once struck dismay into every breast, and will in every age give celebrity to the name of Massillon.

‘ Since we must all be judged without exception of persons, let us always remember the account that we must give ; and, by the aid of our imagination, frequently prostrate ourselves at the foot of the tribunal of Jesus Christ. This will prove to us a never failing incitement to vigilance and sobriety. There is no other alternative—We must be placed among the elect, or among the gainsayers and disobedient. It remains only that we make our choice ; and for this purpose, the present life, and this alone, is allotted us. Now is the time to conciliate the favor of our judge : “ Now is the accepted time ; now is the day of salvation.” Nothing farther can be done, when we shall have been once brought before him. Then will be the day of retributive justice ; the day of preparation will have fled, never to be recalled. Let us then make haste to profit from the dispensations of grace. Let each of us, with the deepest humility and contrition, supplicate mercy of the Lord in the day of his coming. We have a rule before us of conduct, of exhortations, of warnings, which, that we may be always ready, emphatically exclaims—The hour is uncertain ; the day is short ; time is on the wing ; eternity draweth nigh. Seek ye the Lord while there is yet time ; seek ye the kingdom of God and his righteousness ; for the Lord will come at an hour when ye are not aware.

‘ And does not this alarming truth realize itself daily ? Is not death perpetually exercising its power on great and small, on the rich and poor, on the young and old ? Is there among us one, who can say with himself without the fear of being confounded—I have yet twenty years, yet ten ; I have yet one year, one month, one day, one hour, yet some moments to prepare myself for judgement. Alas ! it may be in a few days, to-morrow, to-day ; even while we remain within the hallowed walls of this sanctuary, that death may cut short the thread of our life. And shall we then any longer dare to lull ourselves in a fatal security, regardless of the consequences ? Has heaven no charms : has hell no terrors for us ! Is it nothing to lose our souls, to lose our God, and with him for ever to lose all things !

‘ O, my friends ; my heart fainteth in me, when, as I ponder on that great and terrible day, I cast a look over the present congregation. All called to an heavenly inheritance ; all the children of God ; all actually at this moment united together in holy meditation in his house, must we then be separated ? Who among us are the chaff ? Who among us are the wheat ? On which hand will each of you be placed in that tremendous judgement ? To which side will it be the preacher’s lot to go ?’ P. 380.

It is, as we have already observed, the translator’s intention to give another volume to the public, if this be favourably received ; and the above extracts may perhaps induce our readers to augur well of its merits.

ART. IX. — *Select Odes of Anacreon, with critical Annotations. To which are added Translations and Imitations of other ancient Authors. By the late Rev. Hercules Younge, and published by the Rev. Robert Drought. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Boards. Vernor and Hood. 1802.*

THIS, as the title expresses, is a posthumous publication; and, if not possessed of all the merit attributed to it, with a sort of venial credulity, by the editor, who is a near relative of the translator, it is nevertheless a work that soars above mediocrity. If less spirited than the fashionable version of Mr. Moore, it is at least less prurient in its language and imagery, and often exhibits a juster idea of the original. The two following examples may serve as a fair specimen of the translator's general powers of versification.

‘ On Himself.

‘ The women maliciously gibe me, and cry,
 “ Anacreon, thou’rt old: ’tis a jest to deny.
 Go look in the glass; see how quick you decay:
 Your hair and your forehead are wither’d away!”—
 Ye beauties, what mischief old Time may have wrought,
 How prey’d on my head,—never cost me a thought.
 But this I can tell—and am sure ’tis a truth—
 When age has succeeded the vigour of youth,
 The more we should revel, the more we should toy,
 Since death near approaches to banish our joy.’ P. 36.

We subjoin Mr. Moore’s version for a comparison.

‘ The women tell me every day
 That all my bloom has past away:
 “ Behold!” the pretty wantons cry—
 “ Behold this mirror with a sigh!
 The locks upon thy brow are few,
 And, like the rest, they’re withering too!”
 Whether decline has thinned my hair,
 I’m sure I neither know nor care.
 But this I know, and this I feel,
 As onward to the tomb I steal,
 That still, as death approaches nearer,
 The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;
 And, had I but an hour to live,
 That little hour to bliss I’d give.’

‘ On the Necessity of Drinking.
 Younge.

‘ This fertile earth imbibes the rain;
 The trees her moisture drink again;
 The swelling ocean drinks the gales;
 From him the thirsty sun exhales;

The moon, as thirsty, copious streams
Insatiate drinks of solar beams.
In drinking, then, since all agree,
What friend can justly censure me? P. 45.

Moore.
Observe, when mother Earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours which at evening weep
Are beverage to the swelling deep:
And, when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon, too, quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre, from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking,
I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine.

This latter ode is, in the original, comprised in seven lines alone, each containing fewer syllables than the measure selected by the two English translators: yet Mr. Moore has contrived to wire-draw it to not less than just double the number, by adding words, and occasionally conceptions, which are altogether his own. Of the last couplet, not a syllable is to be found in Anacreon; nor would the Teian thank him for the addition, since the whole is insufferably bombastic, and the concluding verse meretriciously loaded with an idea that completely destroys the generalism of the comparison. 'The fertile earth drinks,' says the poet—'the trees drink the earth—the main drinks the air—the sun drinks the main—the moon, the sun himself—what then, my friends! forbids me to drink?' Such is the literal interpretation of the entire ode before us, in which, to render the comparison more accurate and applicable, the poet pointedly abstains from a specific enunciation of *wine*, or of any individual fluid whatever. As actually written by himself, the apostrophe to his companions is classically correct: but, had he said, 'What then, my friends! forbids me to drink *wine*?' he would have made a most illogical, and indeed ludicrous, use of his previous imagery.

Τι μοι μαχισθ', ἱταῖροι,
Κ' αὐτῷ δειλοντι πινειν;

We remember having seen a translation of Anacreon, printed, like the present, in twelves, about the middle of the last century, by a Mr. John Addison, which more nearly resembles it, in a variety of points, than Mr. Fawkes's, Mr.

Moore's, or any other we have ever met with. Like the version before us, it was generally confined to nearly the same number of lines as the original, and was accompanied with a perpetual commentary. Mr. Younge's commentary, however, we cannot much commend: it is a pye-bald composition of Greek, Latin, and English, too trivial for those who are acquainted with the two former languages, and beyond the comprehension of the mere English reader.

The translations and imitations appended are from Bion, Moschus, Phocylides, and Horace. They are easy and perspicuous, but have scarcely energy enough to promise any considerable degree of longevity. Upon the whole, we were best pleased with Mr. Younge's version of the admonitory poem of Phocylides, and shall conclude with copying a part of the moralist's exhortations.

‘ Speak honest truth, and scorn the subterfuge
Of mental reservation; nor appear
A polypus, and change in ev’ry site.
Base is the man who with premeditation
Unjustly acts; but whom necessity
Compels to frauds, is but a partial knave.
In ev’ry deed, consider the design.
Swell not with pride for wisdom, strength, or riches;
Mortals have none to boast: one Pow’r alone
Is rich, omniscient, and omnipotent.
’Tis vain to grieve at evils which are past;
For what is done can never be recall’d.
Restrain your hand, and bridle furious anger;
For, when indulg’d, it gives a loose to blows,
And murder follows oft, though undesign’d.
Be kind and humble: luxury begets
Immoderate desires; and opulence
Is, in its nature, haughty and disdainful.
The virtuous emulate, and not the bad.
A steady purpose much assists the honest,
But makes the villain worse. Let venery,
Which brings disgrace, give way to love of virtue.
Eat, drink, and speak, do all in moderation.
Excesses shun, and keep the golden mean.
Free from dark envy live: superior pow’rs,
Pleas’d with their stations, envy not each other.
Look round the world; observe the pallid moon;
She envies not the sun’s all-glorious orb:
This earth, unenvious, humbly views the heav’n
Stretch’d far above her: all, content, agree.
Should discord actuate the pow’rs divine,
This whole creation must at once be ruin’d.

‘ Live temperate: avoid obscenity:
Nor study deep revenge; for soft persuasion

Bids strife to cease : but strife engenders strife.
 Trust not too soon ; but ever mark the end.
 Outdo the kind in kindness. 'Tis far better
 To treat a stranger with immediate welcome,
 Though frugal, than with formal, feign'd delays.
 Be not to poverty an usurer.
 Let none attempt, who rob a nest of young,
 To seize the parent bird, but give her liberty ;
 And other future broods shall pay the ransom.
 'Tis not the office of a fool to judge :
 Let wise teach wisdom, artists teach their arts,
 He can't improve, who cannot learn to hear.
 Flee the base sycophant ; nor think to find
 A friend in him who loves thy board alone,
 And serves the time, insatiably rapacious.
 Trust not the crowd : the crowd is ever various,
 Like fire and torrents, not to be restrain'd.
 Ev'n in devotion chuse the middle way.
 Entomb the dead, nor impious tear the graves
 Of those who rest in peace. The sun abhors
 So foul a sight ; and heav'nly vengeance follows.
 Touch not their poor remains ; for Hope declares
 That man shall rise from earth to light again,
 Survive his earthly spoils, and live immortal.
 Souls bloom corruptless, though the frames decay,
 Breath'd from the Godhead in the form of God.
 Our bodies, shap'd of dust, to dust return ;
 But the free spirit soars aloft to heav'n.
 Where is the use of riches to a mortal
 Who cannot bear his hoarded heaps away ?
 The stroke of death makes ev'ry station equal ;
 But Heav'n disposes of the soul at pleasure.
 A king shall boast his regal pomp no more :
 The starveling beggar, ev'ry vulgar dead,
 Must join his side, and use one common mansion.
 Born but to die, these bodies soon decay ;
 Yet, in perpetual vig'rous youth, the soul
 Survives her prison, and for ever blooms.
 Nor fortune prosp'rous should exalt the mind,
 Nor adverse damp it. Serve necessity :
 'Tis vain to blow thy breath against a storm.
 Bless'd is the man whom pow'rful words attend ;
 For reason conquers more than conqu'ring steel.' P. 153.

ART. X.—*Sermons, upon Subjects interesting to Christians of every Denomination. By Thomas Taylor. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Longman and Rees. 1803.*

EVERY subject of revelation is interesting to the true Christian ; and even the disputes which agitate the religious world, might, from the interest they have excited, have been

all introduced in this volume, without any contradiction to its title-page. But it is natural to imagine, notwithstanding this title-page, that the writer meant to have been more particular, and to select for his points of discussion those in which Christians of every denomination agree. In this opinion, however, we have found ourselves mistaken; for, in one place, the author contends against 'the popish doctrine of purgatory,' proving it to be 'both false and injurious;' and, in others, entertains other sentiments upon which the Christian world is by no means unanimous. Hence we see no propriety in addressing these sermons to every denomination of Christians, and the proper title should have been derived from the dedication—*Sermons preached before the Congregation of Protestant Dissenters in Carter-lane, and published at their request.* We cannot flatter the writer with a hope that this volume will attain a second edition, or we might recommend a revisal, with a view of making his sermons and their title accord; and perhaps there is no better mode of encouraging the liberal spirit which is here frequently inculcated, than for a preacher to dwell principally upon those topics in which there can be no dissension among those who profess the Christian religion.

The subjects are miscellaneous, and chiefly moral. They are treated in general with gravity and perspicuity, and the congregation before whom they were delivered must derive much pleasure in preserving these fruits of the labours of a preacher who has been connected with them for more than six-and-thirty years. The liberality of his opinions reflects equal credit upon himself and his audience: for it is too common with persons in a small community to confine within their narrow limits purity of faith and excellence of doctrine, and to treat those, whom circumstances of birth and education have withheld from the pale of their sect, with uncharitableness and contempt. Such, however, is not the conduct of the preacher before us, who does not conceive that every one who names the name of Christ must necessarily worship God exactly in his own manner, or that the privileges of the Gospel are confined to Christians of his own denomination. The great end of the Gospel is unquestionably to be promoted in a different manner: and parties may concur in the support of a common cause, though shades of opinion may diversify them from each other.

'I wish you, also, seriously to consider, that by expressing an active concern for the interest of our fellow-disciples, we shall not only discover a genuine affection for the person of our common master, but take the most likely method to advance his cause in the world. No family or community upon earth, can justly be expected to prosper, where the several members feel little or no regard for one another. In

order to promote the common good, they must be studious of each other's welfare. And never can we reasonably hope that the church of Christ will extend, far and wide, its triumphs amongst men, and become the praise and glory of the whole earth, till Christians, of different parties, learn to love one another, with a pure heart fervently. By this means, they would soon remove the prejudices and censures which their ill-founded and angry contentions have unhappily occasioned; and both recommend themselves, and the doctrine they profess, to the esteem of all around them. The zeal which is, now, too often injuriously expended, in weakening each other's hands, would then be usefully employed in strengthening them: and their united endeavours to promote the common cause of Christ in the world, would not fail, we might justly hope, to be accompanied with a divine blessing, that must ensure success. Before the Gospel obtains that universal spread, which the word of prophecy encourages us to expect, and, as preparatory to it, such an union of hearts and endeavours, I am persuaded, will take place; nor, can I think that the honour of being employed in accomplishing so desirable an event, is reserved for the sole possession of any one party amongst us. Let us, my brethren, do every thing we can, in our respective stations, to prepare the way for the arrival of a period of such immense importance, by exercising ourselves, and promoting amongst others, a temper and spirit most friendly to its approach. And whilst we do good unto all men, as we have opportunity; let us cherish in our breasts, and exhibit in our conduct, a peculiar affection for those that belong to the household of faith.' P. 430.

This liberality toward others does not by any means weaken the attachment we may reasonably entertain for our own peculiar opinions. We are not hence to insinuate, that it is of

little importance what opinions we form concerning the different subjects that are controverted in the Christian world; or, that one mode of worship is as favourable to our religious improvement as another. The more just and comprehensive our views are of the sacred truths which revelation discloses, and the nearer our mode of worship approaches to the scripture model, the greater advantages shall we enjoy for acquiring and cultivating the Christian temper. It must, at the same time, be allowed, and those persons are very superficial or prejudiced observers of what passes in the Christian world, who do not readily confess, that the genuine spirit of our divine Master is not confined to, or excluded from, any one party or description of his professing disciples. We sometimes see it animating the lives and conversation of persons, whose particular sentiments and circumstances may be thought very unfavourable to its growth; and we often, alas! find it wanting where it might be expected to shine forth in its greatest strength and lustre. But of what value, to engage our affectionate regard, is the strictest conformity to the Christian doctrine, in opinion and judgment, when compared with an uniform subjection to the laws of Christ, in the life and temper? Instead, therefore, of confining our brotherly love to persons of this or that particular denomination, let it

extend to all that bear the image of our divine Master, and shew that they love him sincerely, by keeping his commandments. This is the decisive rule by which he has taught us to judge who are, and who are not, his genuine disciples. "By their fruits," (says he) "shall ye know them."

If it be said, as an objection to our brotherly love for any who make a Christian profession, that they adopt principles which serve to enfeeble the power, and sully the glory of the Gospel;—allowing this to be really the case, or that we, in our deliberate judgment, believe it is; yet, if under the influence of other principles, which they embrace in common with ourselves, they still discover a truly Christian temper; shall we consider and treat them as aliens from the great household of faith, and strangers to the covenant of promise? Is not this pronouncing judgment upon another man's servant, where we have no warrant? And will it not serve to confirm them in the mistakes into which we think they have fallen? Will it not, also, provoke them to observe the same rule of conduct towards ourselves, which we observe towards them; and thus beget endless jealousies and contentions, that will prove greatly injurious to the credit and progress of the Christian cause in the world? Would it not be much better, for our own credit and comfort, and for the advancement of the truth as it is in Jesus, to do them (mistaken as they may be thought) every personal office of kindness in our power? Should we not, in duty, endeavour to convince them that our principles are better than theirs, by the more excellent fruits which they produce in our lives and temper?

'We cannot, indeed, without dishonouring ourselves, nor should we, from regard to the best interest of others, do any thing that will encourage the spread of principles which we really think to be false and dangerous: on the contrary, we are commanded in the spirit of meekness and love, "to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." Our duty, here, however, surely, does not require us to disown as brethren, or refuse doing acts of brotherly kindness to those who, by breathing the spirit of Christ, prove that they really belong to his family. This is a badge of distinction so important in itself, and which reflects so much honour upon the cause of our divine Master, that it should certainly entitle all upon whom it is found, to every office of kindness we are capable of rendering them, in whatever particulars they may differ from us besides. And the readiest way we can take to correct their errors, if they have fallen into any, is to convince them that we feel a tender concern for their interest. They may not hold exactly the same place in the household of faith with ourselves; but still, as members of the same family, servants of the same master, and heirs of the same glorious expectations and hopes; we have one common relation and interest, and are bound, by peculiar obligations, to consult and promote each other's welfare.' p. 416.

The same sentiment is frequently inculcated; and indeed, till the world wears a very different appearance, it cannot be too often inculcated on every Christian community: for

'it is not the name we bear, the profession we make, or the stations we fill in the world and the church; it is not a fiery zeal for this,

and the other particular party, into which the Christian world is divided, or whether we worship God according to an established form, or amongst dissenters from it: I will add, it is not a partial conformity to some few commands of Christ, or a temporary conformity to them all: It is not, I say, any one of these too much valued distinctions, nor all of them united together, that will denominate us true Christians, in the judgment of the great day. Whatever importance they may be thought to carry, in the present opinion of prejudiced and fallible men, when weighed in the balance of our final and unerring judge they will be found wanting. Unless we possess, in some prevailing degree, the mind of Christ, whatever other pretensions we may make to the character of his disciples, we shall assuredly be disowned and rejected by him.' p. 408.

These just views of an appropriate Christian temper naturally take their rise from enlarged conceptions of the character and conduct of the author of our religion. In a sermon 'on the authoritative manner in which our Lord delivered his doctrine,' we trace these sentiments to their proper source; and the following passage points out the distinction between our Saviour and every other human being in the justest manner.

'Impostors may, indeed, sometimes affect airs of great confidence and importance, to raise their credit in the world. But conscious as they must be of their own insincerity, they cannot always, nor long, keep up the deception. Those who follow them into their private walks, and carefully mark their steps, will soon discern the vanity of their pretensions. Whereas our Lord, upon no occasion, departed in the smallest degree, from the high character he assumed. Whatever changes took place in his outward circumstances, or with whomsoever he conversed, a noble superiority still appeared in every thing he said and did. Strip the greatest heroes upon earth of some few shining qualities and achievements which attract the public admiration, and you will find them the same feeble and imperfect beings with the rest of their species. And follow the persons who are most celebrated for genius and learning into their private recesses, and you will probably see them fall into weaknesses and follies that would dishonour an illiterate peasant. But our divine Master preserved the same dignity of conduct, the same wisdom and goodness, in private as in public life, and at the festive entertainment, as in the temple or the synagogue; and when he was buffeted and spit upon by an insolent rabble, as when he was entering Jerusalem, with triumph, amidst the hosannahs of its fickle inhabitants. Such, indeed, was the excellence of his character, that he even rises in our esteem and veneration, the lower we behold him sinking in his outward circumstances. Never did he appear, in any period of his life upon earth, more great and venerable, than when he was employed with his expiring breath, amidst the rude shouts of an insulting mob, and under all the shame and anguish of crucifixion, in interceding for his cruel murderers, and bestowing the blessings of paradise upon the penitent companion of his sufferings. Let us delight to contemplate these truly astonishing displays of his

glory; and let the contemplation of them establish our faith in the truth of his doctrine, the fulfillment of his promises, and the execution of his awful denunciations.' P. 308.

We could with pleasure transcribe many other passages from these discourses: but the above extracts will leave a favorable impression on the reader; and we will only add to them one more, on the proper employment of our time.

'There is a time proper for every purpose under heaven, which a wise man can wish, and which the present mixed state of things requires us to prosecute. We are ourselves a wonderful composition of what is great and small—of what allies us to worms, and unites us to angels. And suited to the imperfections of our nature, are the occupations of life: in some, we descend to a level with the beasts that perish; in others, we emulate the exalted employments of those happy beings who worship before the throne of God. They have each, however, their respective importance; and there is no reason why one should be allowed to intrude upon, and exclude another. There are seasons proper for pursuing the necessary business and innocent enjoyments of this life, as well as for cultivating the temper which is necessary to prepare us for the blessedness of the next; and those men who devote that portion of their time to exercises of religion, which they ought to employ in the management of their secular affairs; and who neglect the business of the shop and counting-house, under pretence of attending to the duties of the closet, or the house of God, are chargeable with an egregious mistake, and lay themselves open to the rebuke which our Lord passed upon the Pharisees—"these things ought ye to have done and not left the other undone."

"Every thing is beautiful in its season." Whereas what is highly important and commendable, in itself considered, by being ill-timed, so far from entitling us to any real esteem, becomes the deserved object of reproach and censure. It should be our care, therefore, to learn, not only what plans and purposes it becomes us to form; but to consider and embrace the proper seasons for prosecuting them.' P. 101.

ART. XI.—*Componimenti Lirici de' più illustri Poeti d'Italia scelti da T. J. Mathias. 3 Tomes.*

Lyric Productions of the most celebrated Poets of Italy, selected by T. J. Mathias. 3 Vols. 12mo. 1l. 11s. 6d. Boards. Becket. 1802.

WE have often to regret, in the course of our periodical lucubrations, that many of the most classical scholars of our own age, who are endowed with an ample portion of genius, seem to have forgotten the present world in contemplation of the past; and are so super-saturated with Latin and Greek, that they cannot find either time or room for the acquisition or retention of modern tongues. Such is not the

case with Mr. Mathias, whom we may justly allow to adopt the language of Milton, and assert—‘Non me tam ipsæ Athenæ Atticæ cum illo suo pellucido Ilisso, nec illa vetus Roma suâ Tiberis ripâ, retinere valuerunt, quin sæpe Arnum vestrum et Fæsulanos illos colles invisere amem;’ and whose Italian diction is, for the most part, so correct, as to have reflected no discredit upon the Della Cruscan academy itself.

In respect to size and typography, these volumes are intended to match with our compiler’s edition of Select Sonnets and Canzonets of Petrarch, published about two years ago, under the title of ‘Rime Scelte di Francesco Petrarca;’ in consequence of which, the specimens adduced from this poet, in the present collection, are pieces which were not admitted into the ‘Select Rhymes:’ they are, indeed, few in number, and by no means of pre-eminent merit.

Mr. Mathias opens his work with two distinct addresses, in the Italian language; of which the first is super-scribed to two *right learned* friends of his own (*eruditissimi amici suoi*), under the fictitious names of Alæus and Aristippus; and the second, to ‘poetic and cultivated English readers.’ As a specimen of the perseverance and success with which he has studied this elegant tongue, we shall copy from the latter his own version into it, of Mr. Gray’s Sonnet on the Death of the honourable R. West, which he regards as the most perfect of its kind that has ever been composed in English, and, on account of its tenderness and exquisitely polished melody, as altogether worthy of the vale of Vacluse. The translation, he adds, was executed some years ago.

‘ In van per me ride il nascente giorno,
E’l Sole innalza i rosseggianti rai,
Sciolgon gli augelli in van pietosi lai,
E’l suol rinverde in lieto manto adorno:
Altri oggetti i’ desio di giorno in giorno,
Ed altre note, ah! note no, ma guai;
Non giunge il mio martir tra’ spirti gai;
Muor la gioja imperfetta a me d’intorno.
Sorge l’Aurora intanto annunziatrice
Di novi ufizj a’ più felici cori;
Sparge i suoi beni il suol con larga mano;
Destan gli augelli lor vezzosi amori;
Io chiamo lui cui più sentir non lice,
E piango più perchè lo piango in vano.’—Vol. i. p. xiii.

We subjoin the original, for a comparison.

‘ In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd’ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire,
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:

These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,
 A different object do these eyes require :
 My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
 And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
 Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ;
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;
 To warm their little loves the birds complain ;
 I fruitless mourn to him who cannot hear,
 And weep the more, because I weep in vain.' Vol. i. p. xii.

As the return of the word *giorno*, in the fifth line of the translation, is by no means necessary, and does not occur in the original, we are surprised that Mr. Mathias should have introduced it, as a rhyme to the same word in the first line. Such a poverty of invention is scarcely to be tolerated in any language, but least of all in the Italian, in which the facility of rhyming is so considerable, as to afford daily instances of extemporaneous sonnets of no inconsiderable merit. The poets from whom our author has deduced his lyric selections, are Dante, Cino, Petrarch, Lorenzo de' Medici, Poliziano, Ariosto, Bembo, Sannazzato, Amalteo, Della Casa, Paterno, Vittoria Colonna, Molza, Tanzillo, Martelli, Torquato and Bernardo Tasso, Celio Magno, Lemene, Magi, Cotta, Casaregi, Manfredi, Rinaldi, Chiabrera, Filicaja, Testi, Venerosi, Badori, Gozzi, Rozzi, Zappi, Brugueres, Frugoni, Menzini, and Guidi. The latter part of the third volume consists of sonnets, selected principally from the same poets, but occasionally from a few others. The reader will hence easily conceive that the editor has furnished a sufficient variety of subject, as well as of style; and, upon the whole, we think the choice he has manifested evinces an excellent judgement and correct taste. As he has devoted so large a space, however, to Petrarch, we are astonished that his friend Boccaccio has not been admitted to a share: Tassoni might also have been allowed to keep company with his contemporaries, Bernardo and Torquato Tasso; and neither Marino, nor Mario Colonna, would have disgraced them. In culling from the poems of Filicaja, the master-piece of his sacred lyrics has been unaccountably omitted: we mean his Ode on the Siege of Vienna, which begins:—

' E fino a quanto inulti
 Fian, SIGNORE, i tuoi servi ? E fino a quanto
 Dei barbarici insulti
 Orgogliosa n'andrà l'empia baldanza ?
 Dov' è, dov' è, gran Dio, l'antico vanto
 Di tu' alta possanza ?' &c.

The production, which bears the nearest affinity to this

of Filicaja, in the collection before us, and which indeed appears to exhibit manifest imitations of it in several instances, is the first introduced under the name of Bartolommeo Casaregi. We shall select a few lines from its commencement, since they seem almost as applicable to the present moment, as to the time in which they were composed. The reader will trace one of the resemblances, or imitations, to which we refer, in the lines marked in Italics, compared with the two last of the above short extract: we could instance a much greater number, if it were necessary.

‘ E quando sia, che bella Pace amica
 Con aureo piede a noi s'en torni, e il freno
 Marte mordendo, il fier suo corso arreste?
Ov' è, Signor, l'antica
Di tua pietade usanza? Ove il sereno
 Guardo sterminator d'atre tempeste?
 Dunque in petto celeste
 Tant'ira ancor s'accoglie, e di saette,
 Alto Dio di vendette,
 Vota non è la gran faretra eterna?
 Ben so, che morti e scempj
 Giuri versar sugli empj;
 Ma pur bontade il tuo voler governa:
 E a disarmarti la possente mano
 Non mai s'adopra umil preghiera in vano,
 ‘ Odi le miserande ultime voci
 Dell' infelice Italia a te rivolta,
 Che vita, e pace, e libertà ti chiede:
 Vedi quante feroci
 Spade di gente imperversata e stolta
 Le stan già sopra, e quanti ferri al piede.’ Vol. ii. P. 3.

The English reader, for want of a better, must accept of the following version.

‘ When wilt thou, fair propitious Peace!
 With golden foot, resume thy reign;
 Bid Mars his headlong fury cease,
 And check his charger's rout insane?
 Where now, great God! that love to man
 The nations once beheld?
 That look, which pierced th'ethereal span,
 And every tempest quelled?
 Can then such fatal ire
 A mind celestial fire?—
 I know thy truth is sworn to shower
 O'er impious men disease and death:
 But mercy sways thy sovereign power,
 And ne'er to heaven the good man speeds his breath,
 But, lo! thine ear attends to what he saith.

'Hear, then, this sad, this utmost strain :
 To thee, distressed Italia sighs,
 Of peace, life, liberty bereft !
 On every side, o'er every plain,
 Behold the ruthless sword has cleft,
 Th'infatuate foe triumphant flies.'

The poems selected from Alessandro Guidi, who appears to be a great favourite with Mr. Mathias, and has been allowed to have encroached very considerably upon his colleagues in office, are introduced by a short biography. Why has not the same plan been pursued with respect to the rest? Should this collection obtain a second edition, we would strenuously recommend such an augmentation. A brief chronicle is all that is necessary; and it would not be difficult to be procured. The productions of a writer, of whom we have some knowledge, be it never so slight, are always perused with a greater degree of interest, than those of a total stranger. We then enter more fully into his views, and doubly participate in his joys and his sorrows. Of many of the lyrics before us, and especially of the sonnets, half the beauty is lost, through an ignorance of the cause which produced them. In the event of a second edition, we would also recommend a more careful attention to punctuation and orthography. It is wonderful to see the multitude of typographic errors, which are too generally allowed to exist in foreign works, when edited in this country. We had occasion to offer this remark a short time since; when reviewing a small collection of Spanish poems by M. Ravizzoti*. In the volumes before us, the blemishes of this kind are not quite so flagrant or so frequent: but they are still so numerous, as to be scarcely pardonable; and, although each volume is *graced* with a long catalogue of such defects, with their appropriate rectifications, we have still met with many which have escaped the eye of the corrector.

We have received a copy of our compiler's edition of the Commentaries of Crescimbeni, which we mean to notice in our next number.

ART. XII.—*Sermons, composed for Country Congregations.*
By the Rev. Edward Nares, A.M. &c. 8vo. 7s. Boards.
 Rivingtons. 1803.

THERE is an ambiguity in the title-page of this work. Were the sermons said to be composed for country congregations, merely because they were preached in country pa-

* Vol. xxxiii. p. 233.

rishes, or because the writer had in view the comparative want of information and refinement of a village audience? He has explained his intentions in a dedication to the queen, in which he speaks of 'the plainness and simplicity of the discourses, written to instruct the ignorant, not to dazzle or inform the wise' — of his duty 'to study perspicuity more than ornament, and to endeavour to be intelligible rather than profound.' Her majesty's permission was also solicited for laying his 'ministerial labours for the cottage at the foot of the throne.' From these expressions, we had reason to conclude that the sermons would be plain and simple, free from the artificial structure of sentences and words, to which the peasant's ear is little accustomed. The cottage sermon might, we doubted not, be nevertheless so arranged, as to give satisfaction and instruction to the inhabitants of a palace at the same time: for the high and the low are equally interested in the topics discussed in the pulpit; and, in the most unadorned language, the truths of the Gospel must everywhere make an impression.

But, in these discourses, we look in vain for that artless composition which is calculated for the village pulpit; and we see no difference between those which are said to have been preached at Oxford and in the author's parish church. Indeed, we are inclined to suspect, that, if the preacher were called upon to unfold the mysteries of religion before his royal patroness in the chapel of the palace, he would choose these village sermons, with scarcely any variation in their language or sentiments, and that, with a new dedication and title-page, they might become sermons for the royal chapel and polite congregations at the west end of the town. Our readers may form their judgement from the following extracts.

In a sermon on 'example,' we meet with the ensuing period.

'It is not a hardship that you were dedicated to Christ in your childhood, and before you were capable of giving your consent to the ceremony, though indeed it lays you under a stronger obligation to do good, and eschew evil; but by this dedication of your souls and bodies to Christ, you were put under the immediate protection of his holy spirit, and if your obligation to do good became greater, yet your hopes of assistance and prospects of reward became greater too; for though Christ died for the sins of the whole world, and all that are finally saved, will be saved through the merits of his cross and passion, yet, among these, those that died before his appearance in the flesh, as well as others to whom the light of Christ's Gospel has never reached, will, in all probability, be somewhat distinguished from those who have had a clear sense and knowledge of his most merciful interposition in behalf of mankind.' P. 133.

In this sententious phraseology, which is incomprehensible to the cottage ear, the author seems to delight. Thus, 'on contentment,' he tells his hearers

'That desire of bettering our worldly condition, which gives birth to labour and industry, may be very well accompanied both with godliness and contentment. It is not only allowable, but exceedingly praise-worthy, to wish to advance both ourselves and families, by care and diligence, provided we are not, as many are, impatient of success; we may be as anxious as we please, to prosper and grow rich, provided we seek to do so only by the means of honest industry, and are content till we do prosper; not hurried into discontent by casual disappointments, nor ready to murmur so soon as the slightest obstacle is thrown in our way; and even if finally we fail of all success, if all our projects are defeated, and all our hopes thwarted, still it is likely to be our greatest gain if we learn to bear this disappointment properly; surely it requires no great understanding to discover, that the Providence which manifestly ordained and overlooks all things, may have hindered our success for wise and gracious purposes.' P. 149.

Would the author have written differently for a town audience, if he were to harangue them on old-age, than in the following passage?

'Vice is as destructive of the body as it is of the soul; the numerous diseases that intemperance leads to, I need not lay before you; they are among the very worst foes the body has to struggle with; some are slow and insidious, undermining the constitution by degrees, sapping the foundation imperceptibly, till, perhaps in the high day of youth, or of riper manhood, when our faculties have just attained to their natural perfection, the stamina of life fail, and as the prophet beautifully expresses it, "our sun goes down while it is yet day;" others assault the body more violently, with feverish pangs, and rack-ing pains; these soon bring the unhappy sufferer to the grave. For the body is a delicate machine, capable of doing well for many years if prudently and discreetly managed, but easily broken to pieces if roughly handled, or hurried on too fast. These things being considered, we must needs suppose a man, full of years, is one who has avoided these imprudencies; who has, in a great measure, lived soberly, temperately, and chastely; who has preserved his body vigorous and healthy, by labour and industry, his mind unruffled, by a steady purpose of acting uprightly, and bearing patiently. Besides, we may have some ground to believe, that if a man, whom we now see aged and decrepid, has had his failings in his time, that in his youth he has been somewhat wild, and in his manhood now and then intemperate, yet that as there is probably a measure even in these things, that he has not been incorrigibly bad at any time, so as to deserve to be cut off in his sins; for, no doubt, though we cannot appreciate matters so thoroughly as to see to the very end of things, yet those who die in their youth, through wicked courses, of drunkenness, debauchery, and intemperance of all sorts, are known to the great searcher of hearts to be, if not entirely, yet as near as can be, incorrigibly bad, so that they

are cut off suddenly, either because it is known they never will repent, and so had better not live to seduce others, or else they are taken away for fear that if they lived longer, they would so fill up the full measure of their sins, as to be wholly unpardonable.' P. 163.

The cottager must be not a little puzzled to unravel the author's meaning in the ensuing passage 'on good works.'

'It will not be enquired whether God's grace has supernaturally purified our hearts, or the application of Christ's merit operated unconditionally to our entire justification, but whether, considering the gracious promises made to us of the help and co-operation of God's holy spirit, and the glorious hopes afforded us of reconciliation through the blood of Christ, we have so far done our part, as that these transcendent benefits may be applied to us. In all cases it would seem to have pleased God so to order matters, that man should do something to help himself; and those who are willing to set mankind free from the obligation of the works of righteousness, would act consistently if they were to endeavour to set them free also from manual labour. To pretend that to attach any merit at all to works of holiness is to derogate from the stupendous efficacy of Christ's atonement, is just as reasonable as to say, that to pretend to cultivate the field is to derogate from the power of God, who in so marvellous and inexplicable a manner has prepared the soil for the growth of plants, and appointed the kindly influences of the sun and air, to bring them to maturity: in either case it would be folly to confound the two questions, for only one is necessary. We need not enquire whether God could accomplish the same ends without our co-operation. No one but an atheist would think of denying such a truism; but the question that alone concerns us is, whether it appears from Scripture that God meant to deal with us so unconditionally? Now I think it has been shewn, that in the visible order of things, it has pleased God to leave something for man to do, even to supply his bodily wants, and therefore surely we have good ground to conclude from analogy, that all his higher wants would not be supplied without some co-operation on the part of man. But the word of God is beyond all reasoning from analogy; and if that does not inculcate the constant practice of every virtue, and discountenance and condemn every vicious indulgence, there is no meaning in words. It is of no avail to lay such a stress, as some do, upon Christ's having shed his blood to save sinners; for he that is most righteous in obedience to God's laws, is perhaps most of any sensible of his imperfect endeavours, and therefore most ready to confess himself a sinner, so that he is in the way of salvation at all events.' P. 231.

The peasant's idea of the Bible will not be much enlarged by this negative description.

'It will not lead us into a labyrinth of laboured deductions, and refined speculations, but by an easy reference of every action of our lives, to those two great leading principles, the love of God and of our neighbour; put us in complete possession of such a rule of moral

and religious conduct, as may for ever be our guide through all the chances and changes of this mortal life.' P. 279.

Every sermon abounds with similar passages; and, to make the author sensible of this defect, as well as to put him into the way of correcting it, we recommend him to take his volume to any one of the farm-houses of Biddenden, and request the honest householder to read one of them to his family. When the lection is over—in the course of which, however, the poor farmer, we apprehend, will find no small number of embarrassments—let the preacher ask him and his family the meaning of such words as truisms—stamina—derogate—asperity—uncontaminated—palliation—voluptuous—promulgated—consonant—transcendently—imbecillity—simplification—metaphysical subtlety—logical precision—luminousness—accumulation of obligations—speculative reasoner—amplification of trivial events—and similar modes of phraseology, which will be found in abundance in every page. It is from an examination of this kind that a preacher, of the same evidently good dispositions which are manifested in these discourses, will learn to adapt his language and style to the capacity of a country congregation.

ART. XIII.—*Public Characters of 1800-1801. To be continued annually. 8vo. 9s. Boards. Phillips. 1801.*

AFTER the extensive account we gave of the plan, after examining the propriety of the attempt, and the general character of the work, as it appeared in its two successive publications, we have little to add in the introductory part of our article. The editors speak, with cheerfulness, of the encouragement they have received, of the assistance offered, and the probability of improvement in the progress. In truth, assistance, if carried beyond the communication of facts, is delusive. To write with that attention which the public taste demands, is no easy task. and so prone are literary men, in general, to indolence, that the object must be interesting, to excite their activity. Fame and money, the great spurs to exertion, can, in this case, have no influence; and we must attribute any extraordinary efforts to an eagerness either to praise or to blame. From either motive, the communication must fail in the great point—impartiality. We indeed perceive, in this volume, superior spirit, more extensive information, and, in many of the lives, no common precision or elegance. Many are written *con amore*, and, with such a minuteness of narrative, that the biographer must have been assisted by the subject of his work, or

the characters must have been the same. To stop no longer *in limine*, we shall copy the table of contents, and the list of the portraits, many of which are flattering, and some unfaithful, representations.

‘ Mr. Matthew Boulton—Mr. Professor Porson—Mr. Pinkerton—Mr. Wilberforce—Mrs. Charlotte Smith—Sir Ralph Abercromby—Lord Dorchester—Earl Stanhope—Dr. James Gregory—Duke of Bridgwater—Dr. William Mavor—Mr. Robert Ker Porter—Mr. John Thelwall—Mr. Jefferson—Mr. Bushrod Washington—Dr. John Gillies—Lord Hobart—Mr. Bidlake—Lord Loughborough—Mr. Dugald Stewart—Dr. Hugh Blair—Mr. Barry—Mrs. Robinson—Mr. John Ireland—Sir William Beechey—Duke of Portland—Sir Joseph Banks—Sir Peter Parker—Mr. Edmund Cartwright—Lord Grenville—Dr. William Hawes—Mr. Edmund Randolph—Mr. Paul Sandby—Mr. John Clerk—Dr. Lettsom—Mr. George Colman—Mr. Alderman Skinner—Dr. James Anderson—Prince de Bouillon—Duke of Marlborough—Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland.

‘ The Frontispiece.

‘ We have as usual inserted some outline sketches of those persons of whom we could readily procure correct portraits. We offer these to the public simply as rude characteristic sketches, conveying only general ideas, and probably not in every instance equally fortunate. We flatter, ourselves, however, that in most instances these outlines will be readily recognized by those persons who know the parties, and to posterity and those who do not know them, will convey an impression sufficiently accurate.

‘ The Chancellor—Duke of Portland—Lord Hobart—Mr. Barry—Earl Stanhope—Sir Joseph Banks—Mr. Wilberforce—Mr. Pinkerton—Dr. Blair—Mr. Porter—Lord Grenville—Sir William Beechey—Dr. Hawes—Dr. Lettsom—Dr. Anderson—Mrs. Robinson—Mr. Bidlake—Mr. Boulton—Mr. Paul Sandby—Mr. John Ireland—Dr. Mavor—Mrs. Smith—Duke of Marlborough—Mr. Thelwall.’ p. vi.

The life of Mr. Boulton is what such lives should be—a faithful narrative of facts, not leaning either to extravagant panegyric, or to oblique censure. We shall select a passage, which, though the facts be generally known, is concise and interesting.

‘ Aided by such talents, and commanding such unlimited mechanical power, Mr. Boulton’s views soon expanded, and Soho began to exhibit symptoms of the extraordinary advantages it had acquired. The art of coining had long stood in need of simplification and arrangement, and to this art Mr. Boulton had no sooner turned his attention, than, about the year 1788, he erected a coining mill, on an improved plan, and struck a gold medal of the full weight of a guinea, and of the same form as that of his new copper coinage lately put into circulation. The superior advantages of that form are obvious. The impression is far less liable to friction; and by means of a steel gage of equal diameter, money coined on that principle may be examined by measure as well as by weight, the rim being exactly cir-

cular. Moreover, the intrinsic is so nearly equal to the current value of every piece, that, without a steam-engine and adequate apparatus, every attempt to counterfeit the Soho coinage must be made with loss. The fabrication of base money seems likely, by these means, to be speedily checked, and hereafter entirely defeated. The reason why Mr. Boulton has not yet been employed by government in the coinage of gold and silver, we have not been able to learn.

'The mill at Soho works eight machines, each of which receives, stamps, and delivers out, by the aid of only a little boy, from seventy to ninety pieces of copper in one minute. Either of them is stopped without the smallest interruption to the motion of the others. In adjoining apartments all the preparatory processes are carried on with equal facility and dispatch; such as rolling the copper into sheets, dividing them into blanks, and shaking them into bags clean and ready for the die. Without any personal communication between the different classes of workmen, &c. the blanks are conveyed to the room where they are shaken, and from thence to the coining room in boxes moving with immense velocity on an inclined plane, and accompanied by a ticket of their weight.' p. 4.

Of professor Porson, the account is satisfactory and judicious. The author thinks it necessary to declare, that the whole was written without the professor's knowledge or concurrence. With the venial error of friendship, and the candid declaration that it is the work of a friend, the account leans to the favourable side: the harsher traits, when introduced, are softened and extenuated. Of Mr. Pinkerton, the account is also satisfactory, though not seemingly brought down to the æra of the publication: it is given with a minuteness of anecdote, which shows the author, in this instance also, to be an intimate friend, and probably countryman, though some circumstances, even of the period described, are apparently concealed, and what the biographer *desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit*.

We need not enlarge on the lives of Mr. Wilberforce and Mrs. Smith. In that of the latter, we almost lose sight of the authoress, in the description of her unmerited and severe treatment, of which we find a full, and apparently impartial, account—we should almost suspect (from a note, p. 49) furnished by herself. The lives of sir Ralph Abercromby and lord Dorchester appear to be sufficiently full and faithful: that of earl Stanhope is very copious, warm, and eulogetic: ample praise is given to his philosophical and mechanical inventions; and his political life, in unison with what we have described of the '*temper*' of the work, is very favourably embellished. With extensive knowledge, deep reflexion, and much mechanical skill, earl Stanhope is somewhat quixotical in philosophy, perhaps more truly so in political speculations. We have never seen the sentiments imbibed at Geneva flourish in an English soil.

We read with particular pleasure the life of Dr. James Gregory: it is written with peculiar spirit, knowledge, and elegance. We shall select a passage from the introduction.

It has been not unaptly remarked, that the appearance of a man, whose pre-eminence in any branch of literature and science not only precludes emulation, but, as it were, far distances his contemporaries, frequently proves hurtful to the general cultivation of that particular department of human knowledge. The sublimity of Newton's talents was so transcendent, that it required mathematicians of the greatest abilities to explain his writings, and fill up the chasm intervening between ordinary conceptions and exalted genius. Newton is without a rival, and, on considering the immense task of reaching the boundary of his powers, we had almost added, without a successor; for no one will venture to assert, that, since his time, the improvements in the higher parts of mathematics have been so progressive as to admit a comparison with those in other sciences. It has also been observed, that the celebrity of a father is injurious to the literary reputation of a son. The successor of Linnæus was a respectable scholar, and a man of an amiable character; but the merit of the great naturalist threw a shade over the abilities of his descendent. We forbear to mention similar instances connected with the present time, because our doing so might be regarded as invidious. Although by these preliminary remarks we do not mean, in the faintest degree, to insinuate that the gentleman, who is the subject of this biography, has degenerated from the worth of his immediate ancestor, yet the great and well merited fame of the latter has not contributed to exalt that of his son.
P. 135.

This is admirably executed; and the artful, though highly-laboured compliment, that Dr. Gregory's character might have been more exalted, had not those of his ancestors been so distinguished, should not pass without a remark. The life displays that minute information, which brings suspicion home, at least to a confidential friend.

The lives of the duke of Bridgewater, of Dr. Mavor, who may be styled *the children's friend*, of Mr. Kerr Porter, and of Mr. Thelwall, need not detain us. The eccentric irregularity of the latter is scarcely palliated in these *friendly* pages; and, whatever may be allowed to his motives, his conduct is so truly singular, his mind of a mould so uncommon, so little adapted to the arrangements of this æra, that, to carry his ideas into execution, would lead to the anarchy which we have so often deplored in other countries. Even in early youth, with respect to his own prospects in life, the same unsteadiness seems to have prevailed; and, were democracy established, we might expect to see him the advocate of monarchy.

The life of Mr. Jefferson is an able and studied defence of that gentleman's conduct, which will be read with different

sentiments by different parties. With some knowledge of the subjects enlarged on, we cannot wholly acquit him. Mr. Jefferson possesses an enlightened mind; but he wants the firmness of a great one. In the present arduous trial he has been fortunate, chiefly from adventitious circumstances, and especially the dispute between England and France. Mr. B. Washington derives all his claim to distinction, in this place, from the will of his uncle.

The life of Dr. Gillies is well written; and the following passage, worked up with all the ardent abilities of this author, to introduce the History of Greece with advantage. We select it, though we are far from agreeing with all the opinions introduced.

‘ His next work was his History of Greece. From this, he probably expected high returns of emolument and fame; and, if such were his hopes, they have not been disappointed. The suggestions of Bolingbroke, the rival attempts of Voltaire, with the still unequalled examples of the Greek and Roman historians, as well as of those of modern Italy, excited Hume, before the middle of this century, to produce the first model of classical and philosophic history, with which English literature was enriched. Robertson, with more of epic and dramatic power, with an equal, or even a more expansive comprehension of mind, in a style, if more monotonous and rhetorical, yet more nervous and correct, but with penetration less acute and inventive, and with a taste in composition less delicately chaste and refined,—next tried his talents in history, in friendly competition with Hume. Gibbon, ambitious to efface by the fame of classical erudition, and of genius and eloquence, the ignominy of an expulsion from the university of Oxford, thought no province of literary exertion, so likely to afford success to his wishes, as that in which Hume and Robertson had so signally excelled. He chose a period of history which philosophical historians and elegant classical scholars had alike neglected, as unworthy to be illustrated, and incapable to become the subject of any splendid and interesting work. His first volumes had already astonished and charmed the world, by evincing that this very neglected period was, of the whole history of social life, the part the most pregnant with useful information, the richest in the stores of philosophy, the most abundant in those characters and vicissitudes of fortune, by which curiosity is chiefly interested, the most susceptible, in historical narrative, of those ornaments which genius and eloquence alone know to confer. These were the masters whom Dr. Gillies thought not unworthy of his imitation—the rivals whom, in imitating, he aspired to excel. No modern language possessed a history at once classical and philosophical, of the origin, the progress, the splendours, and the decline of the people of the Grecian name, though so illustrious, as the authors of all the civilization of the western world. In undertaking a History of Greece, therefore, Dr. Gillies consulted public utility no less than the character of his own genius and favourite studies.’ p. 230.

As we have styled these somewhat varnished pages, we

shall transcribe the little of a contrary tendency, in the criticism on the translation of Aristotle. '*Matter of dissension,*' it is remarked in the following page, '*is immaterial in this history.*'

'It is, however, the opinion of some who are well skilled in the peripatetic philosophy, that Dr Gillies in his translation has not in the least preserved the manner of Aristotle; that he frequently mistakes his meaning; and that he has acted indiscreetly in so often uniting entire sentences of his own with the text of his author. The same critics have likewise wished that the doctor had availed himself of the assistance of Aristotle's Greek interpreters, as many of their commentaries are replete with uncommon erudition, and are inestimably valuable (particularly those of Simplicius) for the numerous and large extracts which they contain from the writings of philosophers prior to, or contemporary with, the Stagirite himself. Hence they are of opinion that the doctor was neither sufficiently aware of the difficulty, nor well prepared for the execution, of such an undertaking; and that in consequence of this, he has procured for himself a reputation more extended than durable, and more shining than solid.' p. 234.

The life of lord Hobart contains some just information, and is, on the whole, a very favourable representation: that of Mr. Bidlake is not very interesting. The life of lord Loughborough is warmly panegyric; indeed, unaccountably so, if we consider the complexion of the work, which, we must acknowledge, is, in the present volume, somewhat altered: the editors cannot adopt *our* new motto—'*Qualis ab incepto.*'

The life of Dugald Stewart is coloured somewhat highly, approaching, perhaps, to a French *éloge*; but is, on the whole, an admirable specimen of philosophical biography. The author is no common writer, and no mean metaphysician. Is it—can it be—Dr. Stewart himself? From the life of Dr. Blair, which is truly excellent, we shall select the conclusion.

'In conversation Blair has never affected the praise of a wit, or a disputant. He has never been engaged in any literary quarrels. Scarcely ever had any man of such distinguished eminence fewer enemies. It has been his care never to shew his mind otherwise than in full dress, or in a handsome deshabelle, adjusted with all the care and decorum of full dress. Propriety and delicate correctness preside over his social and convivial manners just as much as over his writings. Now in the eighty-second year of his age, he still enjoys all the primary vigour of his faculties unimpaired; and enjoys a state of health still equal to the duties of life and the pleasures of social converse. His fortune has long been, comparatively speaking, very ample: he is enabled to keep his carriage, and to live, in every other respect, in a similar style of expence. An only daughter, of great accomplishments, was taken away from him by a fever, in the very flower of her

youth and beauty. Mrs. Blair, a very excellent and amiable woman, who was nearly about the same age with her husband, died a few years since. Moderation, discretion, assiduity, cheerfulness, benignity, uprightness, fervent and rational piety, a sensibility to honourable and deserved applause, that makes him enjoy, yet without vanity or undue exaltation, that fame which has so justly crowned his merits, are the most remarkable qualities of his character. He is revered as the ornament, the pride of the city in which he dwells, of his country on which he has reflected so much literary glory. When Providence shall remove him to a better world, as his life has long proved itself a national blessing, so his death will be lamented as a public calamity.' P. 302.

Of Mr. Barry, Mrs. Robinson, and Mr. John Ireland, we find little that is new or peculiarly interesting. Of the early youth of the first, we have some pleasing anecdotes; and the life of the last is amusing. Mrs. Robinson has been already the subject of our remarks, in the Memoirs written by herself, to which little is added of importance. The account of sir W. Beechey is apparently authentic, and contains judicious criticisms, somewhat panegyrical, on his works.

The life of the duke of Portland follows, and is rather incomplete. The latter part, apparently not suited to the politics of the author, is hastily passed over; much should have been added.

In the life of sir Joseph Banks, we have a short history of the Royal Society, and a well-compacted account of its institution, its objects, and the disturbances which agitated it some years since. The whole is favourable to the president, and is apparently correct and authentic. Truth has, however, put on her fairest and most flowery garb; but she is still *Truth*. The lives of sir Peter Parker and Mr. Edmund Cartwright, the poet, offer nothing peculiarly interesting.

An account of lord Grenville was an arduous undertaking; and, while the latter part is hastily passed over, the author enlarges particularly on that nobleman's conduct in the rupture with France. He gives a clear and satisfactory view of the subject, offering no particular opinion, and appearing candid as well as unbiassed. The objects of lord Grenville's acts are also explained, without the breath of censure or a hint of disapprobation. Indeed, where a difference in political opinions is opposed to the necessity of censure, in a work in which the latter is studiously avoided, a neutral mixture must be the result.

A decent but much too extensive biographical sketch is given of Dr. Hawes; and it is followed by a life of Mr. Edmund Randolph. This gentleman was secretary of state to the American republic, and involved in some difficulties in con-

sequence of his supposed partiality to France, which ended in his resignation of that office. These difficulties are explained with seeming clearness; but, with how much impartiality, requires a knowledge that we do not possess.

Mr. Paul Sandby and Mr. John Clerk, the author of an Essay on naval Tactics, which we highly commended, and whose principles we have often brought forward to the notice of the reader, next share the biographer's attention. A very warm eulogy on Dr. Lettsom, with so minute a detail of facts, as renders the source at least suspicious, follows. But, were there a doubt, it is dispelled, by the introduction of the famous thermometer. This, however, is to us a tender ground:—we must hasten on.

The few lives that follow deserve little of praise or censure; and the accounts are plain, candid, and sufficiently satisfactory. The life of Mr. Colman is amusing: that of Dr. Anderson perhaps not sufficiently full and discriminated: that of the prince de Bouillon is interspersed with some interesting anecdotes of the isle of Jersey. The prince—in reality, captain Auvergne—has lately become a personage of importance; and, had not Malta been in the way, might have been alone the source of a war between France and England, as the insult offered to him in France was taken up warmly by some of the members of the British parliament, since M. Auvergne was an English subject.

One other volume of these characters is published, which we shall consider very soon.

ART. XIV.—*A rough Sketch of modern Paris; or, Letters on Society, Manners, public Curiosities, and Amusements, in that Capital. Written during the last two Months of 1801 and the first five of 1802. 8vo. 6s. 6d. Boards. Johnson. 1803.*

THE intention of the present work is, avowedly, to describe the internal situation of the French capital, excluding all religious and political discussions; to point out to strangers the objects most interesting in Paris; to convey some previous information to those who intend going thither; and to lay before such as are prevented, by other occupations, from undertaking the journey, an account of the pleasures, festivals, buildings, and mode of living, in that metropolis: and, if we may judge by a comparison with his fellow tourists, this author has certainly executed his task in a manner which entitles him to very superior credit. His stay in Paris was very considerable; and his time appears to have been laudably employed in acquiring a vast mass of informa-

tion relative to the subjects announced in the title-page, which he communicates in a style always perspicuous and entertaining, and often elegant and picturesque. Although he avows that he carried with him English opinions, English society, and English manners, as a sort of criterion or standard, his reflexions arise immediately from the facts before him; and very little that deserves the name of prejudice will be found to distort his descriptions or misguide his sentiments. Indeed, with regard to the leading features of the Parisian character, we have scarcely found any difference of opinion, either among our travelers, or the statistical writers of their own nation. All describe what they have seen; and all saw the same phænomena.

The Sketch is divided into letters: the first, which gives an account of our author's journey from Calais, contains nothing very interesting. In letter II, he commences his series of observations on the palace and gardens of the Tuilleries, the Louvre, the picture-gallery, &c. The gardens of the Tuilleries have undergone little alteration, but the palace has received some improvement; and, when the new plan is fully executed, 'the residence of the first consul will greatly exceed in magnificence all the palaces of Europe.' Our author's feelings on entering the *musée central des arts*, or picture-gallery of the Louvre, are too interesting to be omitted.

'At length I found myself in the magnificent room, which I have before mentioned, the walls of which are covered as far as the eye can reach with the sublimest efforts of human art. Where the mind has long been promised a pleasure, when fancy has dressed it in all her choicest colours, how seldom does the reality approach the phantom of heated imagination. For once I was not disappointed. I expected it is true, a high gratification. I had formed to myself an exalted idea of the objects, which I was about to visit, yet the satisfaction I felt exceeded, far exceeded, what I supposed it possible for the power of sight to afford; nor did I believe that the hand of man was capable of attaining that degree of perfection, which I now beheld. For some time I was lost in wonder, I knew not where to fix my enraptured eye. A catalogue which was offered me, by one of the attendants, and which, as I afterwards found, is drawn up with great clearness and precision, roused me from this pleasing reverie, and gave some order to the train of my thoughts. The arrangement of the collection is admirable.

'After viewing the masterpieces of Le Sueur, Le Brun, Nicolas Poussin, and the three Van Loos, I supposed I had already seen the utmost efforts of the art, and even, under this supposition, was ready to allow that my highest ideas of the power of painting fell short of what these specimens presented. Think of my surprise, when, looking on my catalogue, I found that I had not yet passed the limits of the French school. Astonished and delighted I went on. The Fle-

nish, Dutch, and German masters occupy the second division. Among them I beheld the exquisite works of Van Dyck, of Hans Holbein, of Paul Potter, of Rembrandt, of Teniers, and of Rubens. Sublime as were the first objects that had claimed my admiration, even they were exceeded by the latter. Nor had I yet seen the *acme* of the art. Charmed with the fancy and execution of all the Flemish painters, I was particularly pleased with the beautiful pasturage, by Paul Potter, every object of which seems alive on the canvass.

‘ A few steps would bring me in view of the wonders of Italy, to see which so many of my countrymen had crossed the Alps; yet so enraptured was I with the objects already before me, that it required all the importunity of my companions, to persuade me to proceed. I was soon rewarded for this temporary sacrifice, and in contemplating the almost supernatural works of Correggio, of Caravaggio, of the Carracci, of Dominichino, of Guido, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Paul Veronese, of Raphael and of Titian, I discovered, that what I had seen before were only so many links in the great chain of perfection, which was now complete. If among these models of the art, you wish me to name some particular picture, I should give the preference to the communion of St. Jerome, by Dominichino, which in expression, colouring, feeling, and variety, seems to me to possess every beauty united.’ p. 12.

At this place he found artists of both sexes occupied in taking copies of the paintings; which he thinks will conduce to improvement in the art. We suspect, however, that more utility is ascribed to this practice than will be found to result. Copying will make *mannerists*, but not artists: we shall have many imitators of style, but none of composition. The liberal principles, however, on which every thing relating to this gallery is conducted, do honour to the government. A remark on the double light, which prevents the pictures from being seen to advantage, is thrown into a note; an artist would have probably expatiated on what is certainly a fatal objection to the construction of a picture-gallery. This letter concludes with some judicious remarks on the statues, and a catalogue of the pictures.

Letter III contains an account of the *fête* in honour of the preliminaries of peace: from this we shall glean a few particulars of what is principally interesting in this work—the *manners* of the Parisians. The following is part of a note.

‘ *Spectacle*.—This is so important a word, and of such general use in French conversation, that I cannot too soon introduce it to the notice of my English readers. It means, first, all the theatres, puppet-shows, pantomimes, horse exercises, and other motley amusements of this gay capital.

‘ It is also perpetually in the mouths both of gentlemen and ladies. If you ask one of the former, whether he were pleased with the opera, he replies, “Oui, enchanté; le spectacle étoit magnifique.” (Yes, delighted; the spectacle was magnificent.) And if you put a similar

question about a ball to one of the latter, you receive a similar answer.

“ If you speak with enthusiasm of the picture gallery, a Parisian coldly observes, “ *C'est bien vrai, c'est un très beau spectacle.*” (Yes, it is a very fine spectacle, or sight.)

“ If a stranger enquire, whether the monthly parade of Bonaparte's troops deserve its celebrity, he is told, “ *Oui, c'est un très beau spectacle.*” (Yes, it is a fine spectacle.)

“ It is also the favourite theme of conversation ; and a Parisian, compelled to talk with a foreigner, is sure to begin with the following words : “ *Allez vous souvent, monsieur, au spectacle ? Ne sont ils pas bien beaux nos spectacles ?*” (Do you often go to the spectacles ? Are not our spectacles very fine ?)

“ A similar observation forms likewise the hospitable kind of consolation which an Englishman sometimes receives, if he complain, that he has not seen much of French society. “ *Mais cependant, vous ne pouvez pas manquer d'amusement ; à Paris les spectacles sont si beaux.*” (You cannot want amusement, however ; the spectacles at Paris are so fine.)’ p. 41.

In Paris, a shower of rain is a very serious misfortune ; and the Parisians would be happy if that branch of the *mundane* economy were for ever suspended.

“ The 18th of Brumaire, that long expected day, began in clouds and rain. The Parisians were *au désespoir*. Every body predicted, that the vast preparations, which had been made for this jubilee, would be thrown away ; that the illuminations would fail ; in short, that the whole would be an “ *affaire manquée*.”

“ Those who ventured into the streets, notwithstanding the torrents of rain, heard, on every side, “ *quel mauvais temps ! quel malheur ! vraiment c'est terrible—c'est affreux. La fête auroit été si belle, si ce diable de pluie n'avoit pas tombé.*”

“ The morning passed away without the faintest hopes of better weather, and in mutual condolences on the loss of the *beau spectacle*, which had been promised for this day. The rejoicings were to begin at four o'clock. About three the weather suddenly changed, the clouds dispersed, the sky became serene. It happened that this took place precisely at the moment, when the first consul appeared at the window of the palace, and every body agreed, that the favourable change was solely produced “ *par la bonne fortune de Bonaparte.*” p. 44.

* * As we should say in English, “ a lost thing.” The French expression is more commonly used, and is infinitely stronger in its meaning. It is adopted on all occasions of misfortune ; such as, to deplore the death of a friend, or the loss of a “ spectacle.” A general was lately killed in a duel. A fair Parisian of high fashion, to whom he was much attached, on hearing of the accident, exclaimed, with an accent of deep despair, “ *Que je suis à plaindre ! il devoit m'avoir amenée au bal de l'opéra demain. Voilà une affaire bien manquée.*” (How am I to be pitied ! he was to have taken me to the ball at the opera to-morrow. Here is a lost thing, or a party completely deranged.)

'The apathy of the Parisians in the midst of their public rejoicings is another singular feature.

'What astonished me most, indeed, the whole day, was the dead calm which prevailed among the spectators. They looked on, walked about, and seemed entertained with the shows which were exhibited; yet no cries of triumph, no shouts of joy, expressed the public satisfaction. The apathy which prevails in this country on all public events, and which has succeeded to the fever of popular violence, is strikingly apparent on all occasions, but on none more than this.'
p. 49.

The following remarks on the state of society at Paris appear to be founded on correct information. We have omitted a short digression.

'As to society, it appears to me, that there are three great divisions, or principal classes, at Paris. The first, in point of antiquity, and perhaps still of public opinion (for, notwithstanding all the laws to the contrary, family prejudices are as strong as ever in France), is that of *l'ancienne noblesse*, who separate themselves almost entirely from the other classes, and live together at the houses of such of their body, as are still rich enough to give assemblies. The second, which I shall call the governmental set, consists of the ministers, of the counsellors of state, of the ambassadors, of the senators, legislators, tribunes, &c. in short, of all the constituted authorities. The third class is what the pride of the first denominates "*les parvenus ou nouveaux riches*;" consisting of the wealthiest individuals now in France; of persons, who, taking advantage of the circumstances which have occurred, have enriched themselves during the general wreck of private fortunes and public credit. Army contracts, national estates, and speculations in the funds, have afforded the means, by which many of these individuals have accumulated overgrown fortunes; but several respectable merchants, bankers, and other commercial men, are unjustly confounded with these, and, under the general name of "*fournisseurs*," held up to public contempt

'The first class are still affluent, when spoken of as a body, though few of them have individually large incomes. A distinguished person, connected with the government, and to whom the most important acts of state have been specially entrusted, assures me, that the old proprietors still hold two thirds of the landed estates of France; though, in consequence of the heavy taxes laid on them during the revolution, by the loss of their woods, of their feudal rights, and of public offices hereditary in their families, (not to mention the present law of descent, by which all children inherit equally), their incomes, though in different degrees, are, in every case, greatly diminished.

'Some of the old *noblesse*, notwithstanding their misfortunes, still live with considerable splendour, and have houses "*bien montées*," in which they give balls and parties. The most distinguished of these are madame la — de —, and madame —, who have each an assembly once in every week. A *ci-devant comtesse*, belonging to the society, requested the permission of introducing to these houses an

English lady, of whom it will be sufficient to say, that though not of exalted rank, she was unexceptionable in every respect, in birth, in character, in fortune, in person, and in situation of life. I think you will be as much surprised, and as much irritated, as I was, when I add, that this mighty favour was, in both instances, refused. The reason assigned for this strange want of hospitality, has induced me to mention the fact. The lady in question, having been accustomed to the highest circles in her own country, and discovering, for the first time, in this land of "liberty and equality," the humble distance at which the wife of a commoner ought to regard the chaste and learned festivals of aristocracy, could not help expressing her surprise, if not her anger, to the French friend, who had made the application. "*Je suis bien fâchée,*" replied madame la comtesse; "*mais pour vous dire la vérité,*" the *émigrés* were treated with so little kindness in London, I mean, by the gentlemen and ladies there (for there is no complaint against your government), that it is impossible to persuade their relations to receive the English *chez eux*—"*vraiment je suis au désespoir.*"

P. 54.

‘ The second class, which I call the governmental, is the most polite to strangers. The second consul has a splendid party every week; and each of the ministers has a day, to which all foreigners may be taken by their respective ministers, after they have been presented at the Tuilleries.

‘ Le Brun, the third consul, frequently gives dinners; and English parties, who have been invited, assure me, that they are particularly pleasant. He is a man of great literary acquirements, and the conversation at his table generally takes a superiour turn.

‘ The ministerial assemblies are crowded; but the houses are large, the attendance good, and the uniforms of the constituted authorities, and the full dress of the ambassadors, give, altogether, a splendour to these meetings, which no others at Paris possess.

‘ The third class—I mean, that of "the *parvenus*"—if not the most elegant, or the most esteemed, is, at least, the most luxurious. Nothing can exceed the splendour of the persons of this description. The furniture of their houses, the dress of their wives, their table, their plate, their villas, in short, all the "*agrémens*" of life, are in the highest style of Oriental magnificence.

‘ To give you some idea of their manner of living, I will describe to you the house of madame —, which I yesterday obtained the permission of seeing, in her absence.

‘ The house is situate in a street leading from the Boulevard, and is approached by a fine court, of considerable length. The back of the house looks on a very pretty garden, arranged *à l’Anglaise*. It was formerly the residence of a minister of state.

‘ The drawing room, and *salle à manger*, were not yet finished. The furniture prepared for them was rich. I did not think it particularly beautiful; but the bed room, and bathing cabinet, exceeded in luxury every thing which I ever beheld, or even ventured to imagine. The canopy of the bed was of the finest muslin, the covering of pink satin, the frame of beautiful mahogany, supported by figures

in gold of antique shapes. The steps, which led to this delicious couch, were covered with red velvet, ornamented on each side with artificial flowers, highly scented. On one side stood, on a pedestal, a marble statue of Silence, with this inscription :

“ Tutatur somnos et amores conscia lecti.”

‘ Silence guards the slumbers and the loves of this bed.’

On the other, a very lofty gold stand, for a taper or lamp. A fine mirror filled up one side of the bed, and was reflected by one at the top, and another at the opposite side of the room. The walls were covered with mahogany, relieved with gold borders, and now and then with glass. The whole in excellent taste. The bathing cabinet, which adjoined, was equally luxurious. The bath, when not in use, forms a sofa, covered with kerseymere edged with gold; and the whole of this cabinet is as pretty as the bed room. Beyond this room is the bed chamber of *monsieur*, plain, neat, and unaffected; and on the other side a little closet, covered with green silk, and opening on the garden, in which *madame* sits, when she amuses herself with drawing. To conclude, I find the “ loves,” which “ Silence guards,” and of which this Paphian seat is the witness, are those of January and May; for the wife is twenty (the greatest beauty of Paris), and the husband something less than sixty.’ P. 59.

Our author proceeds next to the ‘ opening of the legislative body, election of the president, &c.’ Of this assembly, it is perhaps impossible to entertain a higher respect than is expressed by the French themselves.

‘ Before I conclude this long account, I must mention, with regret, that the persons in the gallery where I sat, spoke with the most sovereign contempt of the legislative body. “ Ils font bien,” said one man, alluding to the boots, which constitute part of their dress; “ de porter des bottes. C’est un habit de voyage—ils ne resteront pas ici long temps.”—“ Nous les payons 10,000 francs,” said another, “ pour ne faire rien, je suis étonné que Bonaparte ne se débarrasse pas de ces gens là.”—“ Je crois bien,” cried a third, addressing himself to me, “ que monsieur votre ambassadeur a un revenu à lui plus grand, que celui de tous ces gaillards ensemble. Sans leur traitement de législateur ils mourroient de faim.” P. 67.

The account of the school for the deaf and dumb is very interesting, but not more so than that which might be given of a similar very flourishing institution in our own metropolis. We pass to a very striking picture of manners—an evening party.

‘ The lady, at whose house this entertainment was given, belonged to the old court; but having remained in France during the whole of the revolution, has preserved her property. I drove to her hotel, about eight in the evening, and after passing through a dark and dirty anti-chamber, in which her servants and those of her guests sat very quietly, while I passed, without moving from their seats, I found my way, not without difficulty, into the *salon*, or drawing room: In this apartment, the walls of which bore the faint resemblance of having been

painted white, some thirty years before, and on which shattered remnants of tarnished gold might still be discovered, I perceived near the fire, the lady of the mansion. She half rose from her seat, as I approached, and after a short "*bon jour monsieur*," continued in a whisper, an earnest conversation, in which she was engaged with an old gentleman, who, as I have since learnt, was a *ci-devant* duke, lately returned from emigration. As I was left entirely to myself, (for I was introduced to no one) I had ample time to examine every thing around me. The room, sombre in itself, was rendered still more so, by a patent lamp suspended in the middle, which was the only light I perceived, and which simply answered the purpose of making "darkness visible."

There were about twenty or thirty persons assembled, of different ages, and of different sexes. Having heard so much of French gayety, I was astonished at the melancholy countenances I saw around me, and at the general stupidity of this party. In one corner was placed a whist table, at which, *ci-devant* countesses, a member of "*l'ancienne académie Française*," and a former financier were disputing for *sous*. There were round the fire, two rows of *fauteuils*, or arm-chairs, in which the ladies not occupied with cards, were seated in awful state. Two or three young men dressed *à l'Anglaise*, with the preposterous addition of immense neckcloths, ear rings, and half a dozen under waistcoats, lounged about the middle of the room, and now and then caught a glimpse of their favourite persons, in an adjoining glass. The fire was monopolized by a party of zealous disputants, who, turning their backs to the company, and talking all together, formed a separate group, or rather a debating society, round the chimney. From the loudness of their voices, and the violence of their gestures, I supposed they were discussing some great national question, and expecting to gain much useful intelligence, listened with all the painful attention of extreme curiosity. I soon discovered, to my no small astonishment, that it was not the fate of the nation, but the accuracy of an expression, which excited their zeal. The abbé Delille had, it seems, in a poem lately published, used this phrase,

"Je n'entends que silence, je ne vois que la nuit."

Whether it was possible "to hear silence," and "see night," was the great subject of dispute; and the metaphysical distinctions, nice definitions, and pedantic remarks, which this question excited, formed a curious specimen of the French character. Some of the ladies joined in the debate; and I know not to what height it might have been carried, had not the arrival of the *abbé* interrupted the orators, and stopped the conversation, with a subject more agreeable to the general taste.

At twelve o'clock, the beverage I have mentioned, which the French think unwholesome at all times, and which even the English fear to take at so late an hour, was placed near the fire, on a large table, surrounded with cakes, creams, custards, a large tureen of soup, and a bowl of punch, the party crowded round the table, and helped themselves to the refreshments it contained. When the ceremony was over, those who did not return to the card tables, entered into conversation; and as literary subjects were still the favourite theme, a young

man, with a pompous manner, and a solemn tone of voice, said, addressing himself to me, "Is it true, sir, that there are Englishmen, so blinded by national prejudice, as to prefer '*votre*' *bizarre* Shakspeare, to our divine Racine?" Endeavouring to avoid a discussion, which I knew the answer I was inclined to give would create, I contented myself with observing, that Shakspeare and Racine were such different authors, that it was absurd to compare them. "As well," said I, "might you draw a resemblance between the beauties of Switzerland, and those of Versailles." "The proper simile," retorted the first speaker, "would be between Versailles and a barren heath, on which some few beautiful plants may have been accidentally scattered, by the capricious hand of nature." The whole circle joined in the triumph, which my antagonist supposed he had gained, and I in vain attempted to recapitulate, and to translate some of the striking passages of Shakspeare. Though all condemned our "heaven-inspired poet," I soon perceived, that few had ever read, and none understood the sublime work which they presumed to criticise.

"Speaking of English authors," cried the member of the '*ci-devant académie Française*,' "makes one think of English orators. I see, by Chateau-Brian's account of England, that the cause of Mr. Fox's retirement from parliament, has been at last discovered; and that it arose from his mental powers having been weakened by the effect of excessive drinking. To this I suppose one must attribute his late unwarrantable attack on the house of Bourbon."

"Astonished at this extraordinary assertion, I took the liberty of assuring the gentleman, that Mr. Fox's talents were as perfect as ever, and that his last speech was one of the finest efforts of human reasoning. "*Pardonnez*," cried the academician, "Mr. Fox could never reason. He was indeed once a fine declaimer, but as to the powers of argument, he never possessed them." I was ridiculous enough to combat this absurd opinion, and to assure him, that there was not an Englishman, (whatever his political sentiments might be) who would not willingly bear testimony to the wonderful argumentative talents of the extraordinary man in question.

"I talked in vain, the whole company joined with the academician, who *pour toute réponse*, said, "C'est Mr. Pitt, qui sait raisonner, mais pour Mr. Fox il déclame joliment, voilà tout son talent. Vous me permettrez de savoir!" assuming a look of great dignity, "*parceque c'est moi qui ai traduit ses discours*." So saying, he turned away, and soon after the company dispersed.

"Can I give you a stronger instance of the taste and justice, with which the French pronounce on the merits of our authors, and public characters?"

"If Shakspeare is not a poet, nor Mr. Fox an orator, where are we to look for examples of perfection?"

"Thus it is on every subject in this country. The French suppose, that they understand English books, and English politics, much better than we do; and this is not the first lesson which I have received. I have often been contradicted on constitutional, as well as literary questions; and I have always found, that the company supported not the opinion of the native, whose local knowledge deserved some little credit, but the bold assertion of their countryman, who was generally

believed and applauded, in proportion to the extravagance and singularity of the doctrine which he laid down.

‘I forgot to mention, that great offence being taken at Mr. Fox’s remarks on the old government, a gentleman took great pains to persuade me, that *l’ancien régime* was the freest constitution under the sun. You will not be surprised to hear, that he did not make me a convert to his opinion, and that I assured him, if such was a free government, I hoped it would be long, very long, before England should possess it.

‘This evening’s entertainment gave me altogether but a very unfavourable opinion, both of French society, French taste, and French gallantry. There was no mirth, no general conversation, and scarcely any intercourse between the men and women. As to Mrs. —, she was left to the uninterrupted enjoyment of her own thoughts, for no person took the trouble of addressing her. Her English dress, however, did not escape the criticism of the ladies; and my pronunciation was equally a source of amusement to the gentlemen. I shall only add, that if this be a specimen of French society, I may obtain much information at Paris; yet I shall certainly receive but little pleasure from my journey.’ p. 74.

Our author’s description of Bonaparte’s person is not very different from what has been generally given; much of the singularity attributed to it undoubtedly is in the mind of the impatient spectator, who goes to see something very extraordinary, and does not wish to return disappointed. The following account of the orators of the tribunate is amusing; —such orators can be found in no other part of the world.

‘Five or six members had put their names down, as intending to speak, and each was heard in his turn. Nothing could be duller than these speeches; every one of which was read from a written paper. A very ridiculous circumstance arose from this manner of speaking. As each of the discourses had been previously prepared, there was no reference to the arguments used in the debate; and the advocates and opposers of the measure, equally disregarded, and left unanswered, the remarks of those who happened to precede them in the debate.’ p. 89.

The dress of the ladies at a public subscription-ball very naturally attracted the attention of our author.

‘Never shall I forget my surprise, when, looking round me, I perceived the dress, or rather the nakedness of the ladies. I had heard much of the indecency, of which some females were guilty, in respect to *costume* at Paris, and I had already seen specimens of the thinness of their apparel; but till this evening, I thought it only the failing of a few. I now saw at least two hundred women, of different ages, and different situations in life, all displaying, without reserve or disguise, the beauties, which they had either received from nature, imitated by art, or believed themselves by the aid of flattering fancy to possess. The young and the old, the handsome and the ugly, the fair and the brown, all prodigally dragged into common view, those charms, which a virtuous woman conceals from motives of modesty,

and a sensualist from those of discretion. The buxom girl of sixteen, the newly married woman, and the superannuated mother of a numerous family, were all equally exposed. Naked necks, naked backs, and their form, scarcely concealed by a transparent petticoat, left nothing to the powers of fancy.

'You will think, perhaps, that I am drawing an exaggerated picture; but I can assure you, on the honour of a man of truth, that such was the *costume* of at least two thirds of the ladies present at this ball.' P. 93.

The profligate pleasures of the Palais Royal are briefly touched upon; but they have been more amply described by former tourists. The account of the various theatres will, to a certain class of readers, appear more interesting. In letter XVI we have another party at a *fournisseur's*, or army contractor's, which in many respects forms a contrast to the tea-party we have already described; but, for this, and the ball at a *ci-devant* noble's, we must refer to the work itself, with the exception of a remark on dancing in general, which illustrates the present manners of the Parisians.

'Dancing is, indeed, more a science than an entertainment, at Paris: and while those who were engaged seemed to study every step, and to make all their motions by rule, the by-standers looked on, and criticised with the same professional attention. There was little or no conversation: the loud laugh, involuntary tribute of joy, was not heard; nor the innocent prattle of unsuspecting, happy youth. I know not whether this total change of character is to be attributed to the heavy misfortunes which the higher classes have experienced, or to some other cause; but certainly nothing is more obsolete than French vivacity. I have now passed more than three months in Paris; and have not yet seen among its inhabitants, one instance of unbounded mirth. When it happens to me to be in English, American, or other foreign companies, I am always surprised at the fun and jollity of the persons around me.' P. 144.

So copious is the information conveyed in this volume, and for the most part so new, that we might multiply our extracts without the trouble of selection; but the present article has already exceeded our usual bounds.

Upon the whole, the view given of Parisian manners and customs, by this intelligent writer, may be alike recommended for its fidelity, and read for the various amusement it affords. It is a mass of useful materials for the philosopher and the moralist; and they will not be unproductive of lasting advantage, if we continue to prefer the good sense, the industry, and the virtues, of an English public, to the frivolity and sensual delights which seem at present to constitute the whole of happiness in the extraordinary nation which is the subject of this volume.

ART. XV.—*Authentic Official Documents relative to the Negotiation with France. Copied from the Original, as laid before both Houses of Parliament. 8vo. 3s. Hurst. 1803.*

WE notice this collection of papers, because of their importance to every Englishman, and not with any idea of communicating intelligence, since we trust they are known, either in substance or detail, to every man in this country, who has eyes to read, or ears to attend. Divested, or at least endeavouring to be divested, of every prejudice and partiality, we have perused them for ourselves; and, although we have no hesitation in asserting it as our own opinion, that the negotiation has not been conducted with all the cunning of diplomacy, or even with masterly dexterity, on the part of our own cabinet—who appear to have been too timid, or, perhaps, too tardy at first, and too precipitate at last—the character of Bonaparte, his views, his vanity, his ambition, his littleness, his infatuation, exhibit him in a light so infinitely more degrading, that we forget the deficiencies of the former, while contemplating the enormities of the latter. He has certainly partaken of the Circean cup of prosperity, till it has intoxicated him; and there is not even the shadow remaining of those brilliant talents, that keen penetration, and correct judgement, which he formerly exhibited.—*O quantum mutatus ab illo!*—As to his vanity, nothing can exceed that which seduced him into a belief that he could control the British press, and, in some degree, re-model the British constitution; and we cannot but be surprised at his total ignorance of the relation between the government and the people of England, upon which such vanity was founded. Here, however, he seems soon to have perceived his blunder; and, notwithstanding the mortification which he must necessarily have felt upon the occasion, to have relinquished his pretensions. As to his ambition, so vast and chimerical has it been, that he projected, at the same time, the conquest of Great-Britain, of all Asia, and America; and yet, such was the folly combined with this Utopian project, that, in the first instance, he has acknowledged, that, should the whole of his enormous power be concentrated and directed to this express purpose, it would be as a hundred chances to one that he should not succeed, as a hundred chances to one that himself and his armada would be sent to the bottom of the sea; while, in the second, he has been compelled to relinquish, to a power he has uniformly despised, the very tract of country he had wrested from Spain, for the express purpose of ac-

completing his visionary system; and, in the third, has involved himself in a war, without being prepared for it; and has, in all probability, permanently fixed in the hands of his enemy the very key which was to have given an opening to his Oriental career.—We condemn not too severely his mission of Sebastiani, upon which so much accusation has been cast; and regard his private interview with lord Whitworth, as one of the most manly and liberal parts of his conduct. Under the Valois, the Bourbons, and the Bonapartes, Egypt has uniformly been panted after by the French government; and, notwithstanding the first consul's guarantee of the integrity of the Turkish empire, no man, in the least acquainted with history, can be such a dunce in politics, no man can be so ignorant of the little meaning of such kind of convenient stipulations, and so forgetful of what has already happened, as not to know that he was determined to take the first opportunity of executing his design, at the moment of acceding to the guarantee. But surely nothing can be more inconsistent with true political wisdom, or evince a narrower comprehension, than to unfold the vast circle of this ambitious system at the same moment—to publish the report of Sebastiani in the eye of the whole world, after it had been privately presented to him—and to communicate confidentially his entire plan to the English cabinet, through the medium of the resident ambassador. If Malta be of that importance to his future arrangements, which both governments now seem to admit, what ought to have been his conduct, had he been still discreet, and possessed of a tenth part of the shrewdness he has formerly manifested?—unquestionably to have given every facility to the fulfilment of that article in the treaty of Amiens, which stipulates its surrender: but, as though he were driven on by fate, to oppose his own interest, and destroy the very purpose he was aiming to accomplish, he suffers the order of St. John—to whom *alone* it was to be surrendered—to be annihilated, instead of supporting its existence, which he might have done with the utmost ease: he withholds all application from the powers who were to become the guarantees of the independency of the island, and merely upon whose accession the island was to be relinquished; and he irritates, by insults upon the English ambassador, by attacks upon the English constitution, and by injuries upon English merchant-ships, the very power who was in possession of the island, and was to resign it in his favour.—We mean not, as we have already said, to acquit our own ministry of every degree of diplomatic imprudence and imbecillity: but we cannot consent to enter into a severe examination of these points, at a moment when it is of so much importance to rise supe-

rior to all party distinctions, and promote one grand patriotic universality of sentiment and action. Our object is to prove, that, opposed by a man of such shifting pretences as Bonaparte—sometimes inclined to conciliation, and sometimes to outrage—sometimes to commerce, and sometimes to war—it has been almost impossible to avoid exhibiting a series of fluctuating counsels in return; and that, whatever may have been their own occasional imbecillity or intemperance, Bonaparte has sunk far below them in every respect.

The blunders he has exhibited render him indeed, in our view, at the present moment, no longer an object of serious apprehension; and present him in no other light, than a compound of pride, vanity, deceit, ambition, political ignorance, and personal fear. By a little common honesty, he might have retained St. Domingo, and possessed himself of the whole of the Antilles: by his infatuated treachery, he has lost the one, and is almost driven out of the other. By a little dexterity and delay, he might have re-acquired Malta, and re-conquered Egypt: but he was too childish to wait, and too precipitate for discretion. Louisiana was actually his own; and, with common prudence, he might have lorded it, as he intended, over the Anglo-Americans: but, being no longer thus gifted, he has lost Louisiana, and is become the laughing-stock of the United States. We are struck with his successes: but he has had many more mortifications; and, to us, he has never appeared so weak, as at this very moment, while we are talking of the extent of his territory. It is impossible, indeed, for all Europe not to be sensible of his folly, and for the most abject state under his tyranny not to feel its chains becoming looser.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 16.—*The Blessings of Peace: being the Substance of a Sermon, delivered at the late Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel, Brighton, October the 4th, 1801. With Hymns appropriate to the Occasion. And a Dedication to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. By the Rev. T. Haweis, LL. B. M. D. 8vo. 1s. Williams.*

The blessings of peace are displayed in stopping the effusion of human blood, in staying the devastations of war, in checking an im-

ments of waste and expense, in freeing us from apprehensions of invasion, in diffusing general joy, in producing plenty, in restoring the friendly intercourse of nations, in softening down enmities and animosities, in cementing the happy union with our sister country, in consolidating probably our Indian empire, and in presenting a happy prospect of the introduction of the kingdom of the prince of peace among all nations. The preacher feels a juster indignation against the spirit of popery, than has been expressed in several pulpits on the effects of the late tremendous revolution.

‘I am shocked and ashamed to hear the whining lamentations of many over the ruins of popery, and their ardent wishes for the restoration of its power and splendour. If the hand of judgment hath been heavy on the heads of papal dignitaries and monastic institutions, whatever were the instruments, it was just retribution. That church, which had thirsted after and drank deep of the blood of others, God hath in righteous judgment drenched with her own.’ P. 13.

ART. 17.—*The Parish Church. A Discourse occasioned by a Vacancy in the Cure of St. Mary Aldermanbury, September 19; with Notes, and ‘Clericus on qui tam.’ Respectfully dedicated to the Society for the Suppression of Vice. By John Moir, M. A. 8vo. 2s. Dutton. 1802.*

Some very wholesome truths are here communicated in rather homely language. The author is a disappointed candidate, and several of his notes seem to exhibit the temper of disappointment. The dedication to the society for the suppression of vice, and the approbation of penal statutes for compelling persons to frequent their parish churches, are not likely to induce the author’s readers to pay a very favorable attention to his other arguments. If the church stand in need of penal statutes, or of a society which makes a point of keeping in its pay a set of spies and informers, its influence must be very much on the decline; but we are persuaded that our unsuccessful candidate has viewed the subject through an unlucky medium; and we wish him a happier preferment and a better congregation than he seems at present to enjoy.

ART. 18.—*An Enquiry into the Origin of true Religion; together with the Invention of Letters, and the Discovery of the most useful Arts and Sciences: wherein it is attempted to prove, that the Knowledge of these Things originated in the East; and hath been diffused amongst Mankind by various Channels, but chiefly through the Medium of the ancient Jews, and those Writings which relate to their political and religious Economy. By the Rev. James Creighton, B. A. 8vo. 1s. Baynes. 1803.*

One of the most difficult points to the comprehension of the unbeliever, is the fact, that we are indebted for all our knowledge in religion, and every thing that is most valuable in life, to the Jews. Arts and sciences have traveled to us from the east; and the memory of the early ages of the world is preserved only in the sacred writings of

those who are now the most despised people upon earth. These facts are truly humiliating to the pride of human philosophy ; but they cannot be overthrown by modern sophistry ; and this little essay deserves to be perused with attention by all who call them in question, and will gratify those who have not the least doubt of their truth.

ART. 19.—*Diatessaron, seu integra Historia Domini nostri Jesu Christi Latine, ex quatuor Evangeliiis inter se collatis ipsisque Evangelistarum verbis apte et ordinate dispositis confecta. E Versione præcipue Castellionis castigata et emendata. Cui præfiguntur Tabula Palæstinæ Geographica, necnon Ordo Rerum. In Usus Scholarum. Opera et Studio T. Thirlwall, A. M. 12mo. 5s. Boards. Rivingtons. 1802.*

This is a very useful and excellent school-book. For learners of Greek, the Greek Diatessaron, by White, cannot be too much recommended ; and, for the learner of Latin, this publication is equally advantageous. The plan is the same as that of the former, the language only being altered. The ground-work is taken from Castellio, whose forced and affected phrases are corrected by the translations of Beza and Tremellius, and by the Vulgate. It makes an elegant little pocket volume ; and an English translation is announced, which we hope will be equally well adapted to the English reader.

ART. 20.—*Dialogue first and second, between a Minister of the Church and his Parishioner, concerning the Christian's Liberty of choosing his Teacher, and concerning Christian Edification. By the Rev. Thomas Sikes, M.A. 12mo. 10d. Rivingtons. 1802.*

The minister argues with a poor man on the impropriety of leaving his own parish church for one in a neighbouring parish, under the pretext that purer doctrines are preached in the latter than in the former. The main drift of the argument is, that the minister of each parish has received an authority from Christ to take care of the spiritual welfare of the souls in their respective districts ; and that he who quits the ministry of his own parish for that of another, is guilty of disobedience to his Saviour's authority. Our author has probably not been accustomed to study books of controversy, or he must have noted that he is only retailing the arguments that are constantly used by a popish priest, to show the protestant that he is guilty of the sin of schism in quitting the Romish communion. In asserting roundly, too, that a dissenter cannot be so good a subject as a member of the church of England, he utters a sentiment equally untrue and unnecessary. But, though there be much to blame in the mode of conducting this delicate question now agitated between the evangelical clergy and their brethren, there is one point in this work which, we think, cannot be too often insisted upon. The seceders from their parish church pretend that their minister does not preach the pure doctrines of the Gospel. Let us suppose it to be so. Is their conduct to be justified in seceding ? By no means. They have not applied for the proper remedy which the church has, in such a case,

appointed. They are in duty bound to make their complaint to the bishop, and to put the cause in a train of being fairly tried. We remember an instance in point, of a curate giving offence to several of his parishioners by the doctrines which he preached, and which they termed methodistical. Upon complaint to the bishop, the curate was removed. It is a great mistake, as is properly observed in these pamphlets, to suppose that the people have no concern in the conduct of the clergy. In the first place, they can stop the ordination of any man by a representation to the bishop, of his misconduct; and, if a clergyman be guilty of immorality, omission of the regular service of the church, or introduction of any false doctrine into it, the cause will be fairly decided by the bishop, and justice done between the parties. Let the complainant then pursue the steps which, as a member of the church of England, he is bound to pursue; but let it be strongly enforced upon him, at the same time, to follow the scriptural rule of first warning the minister himself, and then making his complaint in a regular manner. The people cannot, indeed, as in a dissenting meeting, analyse among themselves the character and conduct of their minister, and dismiss him by a majority of voices; but, in a sober and dignified manner, they may make their objections to a superior; and, if these be well-founded, the minister will doubtless be removed from his cure.

ART. 21.—*A Letter to a noble Duke, on the incontrovertible Truth of Christianity.* 8vo. 2s. Robson. 1803.

This is a re-publication of Mr. Leslie's Short and easy Method with the Deists, a work of very great merit, and deserving the perusal of confirmed Christians. As long as any Christian has a friend so unhappy as not to have embraced the truths of Christianity, he will do well not only to read this little tract himself, but to put it into his friend's hands. Its argument is well known to be complete; yet it cannot be too often brought before the public. Four rules are laid down by which true religion may be distinguished from the device of man; and it is clearly seen that these four marks concur in revealed religion.

'1. That the matter of fact be such, that men's outward senses, their eyes and ears, may be judges of it.

'2. That it be done publicly in the face of the world.

'3. That not only public monuments be kept up in memory of it, but some outward actions to be performed.

'4. That such monuments, and such actions or observances, be instituted, and do commence from the time that the matter of fact was done.' P. 5.

Dr. Middleton endeavoured in vain, for twenty years, to find some false assertion in history in which these marks concurred; and we may safely prophesy that similar researches will prove equally futile.

ART. 22.—*The Recorder: being a Collection of Tracts and Disquisitions, chiefly relative to the modern State and Principles of the People called Quakers.* By William Matthews, of Bath. Vol. I. 8vo. 5s. Johnson. 1802.

'The society of quakers has been chiefly distinguished for its disap-

probation, or supposed disapprobation, of human ties and articles, on the subject of religion ; and if, in point of discipline, its attention to morals have been regarded as pressed beyond the common mark, a general laxity with respect to doctrine is esteemed to have been equally so. Indeed it could hardly be otherwise ; for, not having, like other churches, a fixed standard to regulate opinions, the members seem to have been left very much to themselves ; while, in consequence of their having been gifted, or so supposing themselves to have been, with an inward light, they could not easily be brought to any temporal tribunal to determine on the propriety of their conduct. In this situation, the society has existed for a considerable period ; few of them giving themselves the trouble to examine minutely the opinions which distract the Christian world, and the great body exhibiting that contented formality which is the peculiar characteristic of the sect. Of late years, however, the peace of the community of quakers has been much disturbed ; a spirit of inquiry has been excited, and the Scriptures have undergone a more serious examination. Hence, the great question on tithes has been, with much propriety, proposed and asserted by the writer of these tracts to be a matter of mere temporal, instead of spiritual, concern ; and that, in submitting to an act of parliament, the rights of church-membership ought not to be violated. This, of course, has given great offence to the heads of the society ; for the quakers have chiefs among them, notwithstanding their boast of equality ; and chiefs, whose authority cannot be called in question by any member with impunity. That the payment of tithes is justifiable, few of our readers will doubt ; and nothing can be more ridiculous than to suppose, that, because a man is a quaker, he is to be enabled to purchase an estate to so much greater advantage than any of his neighbours. There is a sufficient quantity of land, free from tithes, which the members of this society might purchase, if they chose to be proprietors of land in which this supposed grievance would cease to be burdensome. But doctrinal, and not temporal, matters, it seems, have of late produced the greatest disturbance ; and Hannah Barnard, a very powerful preacher, has been silenced in a manner which does no great credit to the interior government of the community ; while it is curious to observe that a chief article exhibited against her, is on a point on which the quakers are supposed, by the rest of the world, to extend their principles to an extravagant excess. They admit that war is contrary to the principles of Christianity ; and that it cannot conscientiously be exercised by a Christian. Hannah Barnard proceeds completely with them in this doctrine ; and she asserts, that what they now declare to be true, was always and essentially so, and might be applied to every man in all ages. Consequently, in her opinion, God has never ordained war of any description ; and yet the quakers are such constrained logicians as to be indignant with her for propagating such a doctrine. She has been tried for this offence in various quaker courts ; and, by the final judgement of twelve persons, is condemned to perpetual silence. Her preaching has, however, produced many converts ; and the perusal of the Scriptures is, in consequence, become very prevalent. In this work the whole affair is impartially stated. It deserves the attention of the society, and may gratify the curiosity of those who are fond of church history. Its editor was ori-

ginally a quaker: but his opinion on tithes has operated to his exclusion from the body. He nevertheless remains attached to its principles; but takes a latitude in some points of doctrine, of which it is difficult to say, whether they be, or be not, principles of quakerism. He is a strenuous assertor of the unity of the Godhead, to whom Christ is, in his opinion, a being of inferior powers. The doctrine of endless torments he maintains to be presumptuous; and supports his opinion with great firmness and judgement. Throughout all the pieces here collected, we meet with a great spirit of candour and liberality; and from them may be formed a tolerable judgement of modern quakerism.

ART. 23.—*Reasons for withdrawing from Society with the People called Quakers; with additional Observations on sundry important Subjects. To which is added, a friendly Expostulation; and serious Considerations on Revelation, the Scriptures, Religion, Morality and Superstition. By John Hancock. 8vo. 4s. sewed. Johnson. 1802.*

The society of quakers retains the discipline of the church, on the subject of excommunication, more than any other sect of Christians; and, of late years, the instances of their power have been unusually numerous. But, while this communion has felt itself compelled to reject many of its members, whose mode of life or habits of thinking did not correspond with its rules, others have voluntarily separated themselves, through a persuasion that it has deviated from its ancient order or discipline. Amongst the latter, is the author of the work before us, who brings forward some strong arguments, tending to excite a belief that the discipline of the society is not exactly what it was in the times of its foundation. There are two points, however, which seem to render him essentially disqualified for membership. He adds to the general opinion of the quakers, on the sinfulness of war, his conviction that God, though he be expressly declared in the Old Testament to have ordered it, could not have issued such a command: and, on the subject of marriage, he thinks it sufficient that the parties entering into that state should declare their intentions before certain unofficial witnesses, and that the formality of a church meeting for the purpose is not requisite. Some persons in Ireland, it seems, have been married in this manner, and consequently have been disowned by the society. The pamphlet is drawn up with great spirit; and the society will find it very difficult to prevent a schism. To those who are not acquainted with its general principles and conduct, it will convey a great fund of information; and the opinion maintained in the following extract warrants the insinuations which are very general in the world at large.

‘ Upon a review of the whole, it appears clearly manifest to me, that the present state of manners is in many instances opposite to the dictates of a sound morality; and that our social institutions contain much practical error. A commerce too widely extended, produces an unwarrantable selfishness, and absorbs an undue proportion of the attention of most. Luxury, by producing artificial wants, and leading into many unnecessary expenses, appears to countenance, and in some

respect to render necessary, this system of overgrown trading : thus error supports error ; and there appears no way to get rid of it, but by adopting a line of conduct, almost entirely different from that which is now pursued ; and to act according to the pure and enlightened maxims of morality and religion, when these terms are rightly understood, and freed from all injurious mixture. The reproach of singularity will doubtless attend those, who dare to move in this line ; but then such will be supported by a consciousness of having endeavoured to do their duty, and to act their parts well in their present allotments.' P. 141.

ART. 24.—*An Examination of the first Part* of a Pamphlet, called an Appeal to the Society of Friends. By Vindex. 8vo. 1s. W. Phillips. 1802.*

Vindex endeavours to prove that the early quakers were not what are now called unitarians. We would recommend to him to prove that they were trinitarians—an attempt which must be done by showing that they believed not only in the ' holy three,' but that each of these ' holy three ' was in himself omnipotent, omnipresent, and supreme. It appears from this work, that Penn, Barclay, Fox, and Pennington, were not so decided upon this point as the modern unitarians ; but that they were very far removed from the Athanasian creed, which is the truest and best standard of the trinitarian faith. The concluding remark in this book may be turned either way.

* It would be ruinous in a great family, if the servants, instead of duly performing the work of the house, which each of them sufficiently understood, were to be spending day after day in disputing about their master's pedigree and alliances—for the ruin may arise from the upper servants castigating the lower, in consequence of not concurring with them in opinion ; and may make it part of the work of the house to recite daily the titles of the master.

MEDICINE, &c.

ART. 25.—*An Inquiry into some of the Effects of the Venereal Poison on the Human Body ; with an occasional Application of Physiology, Observations on some of the Opinions of Mr. John Hunter and Mr. Benjamin Bell, and practical Remarks. By S. Sawrey, Surgeon. 8vo. 5s. Boards. Lackington. 1802.*

We have been greatly pleased with this work, as it shows a considerable knowledge of the subject, combined with much reflexion, and an accurate philosophical discrimination. Yet we must add, that Mr. Sawrey has not convinced us that the diseases are the same, and that their different appearance is owing to the surface affected. Chancres, even on the lips of the urethra, have never yet produced gonorrhœa ;

* See our 35th Vol. New Arr. p. 103.

and the latter, except in peculiar circumstances, even when applied to the external surface, as often happens, does not excite the former.

The question, concerning the cause of the continuation of the disease, is next examined. It does not continue by any powers peculiarly its own; for a gonorrhœa frequently disappears spontaneously: but, on the contrary, the *lues* gradually increases, unless the *fomes* be abruptly checked. Cut out or destroy the chancre on its first appearance, and there is little reason to expect the continuance of the complaint. Let it remain; and no power, without mercury, will curtail its progress. How this disease becomes permanent, has been, for a long time, matter of curious speculation. Mr. Sawrey considers Mr. Hunter's opinion at some length: but it is confused and unphilosophical. Fermentation has been long abandoned; yet his own system, that inflammation is excited, and that fluids are poured out, in themselves innoxious, but tainted with the poison remaining on the part, is scarcely less liable to objection. It is, at least, an assimilation: but we yet know of no such process, except that of fermentation itself. It may, indeed, be alleged, that the poison is so virulent and subtile, that it may admit of being greatly diluted, and still remain virulent: but, in this view, the virulence must be indefinite. A man may have a venereal ulcer for years, and every particle of the matter discharged during the whole of the time will produce the infection. This is, to a certain extent, true in the small-pox: but it will not admit of an amplification so considerable as that now described. Indeed, this infinite or indefinite dilution is not well founded, since the blood in a person most intimately affected is innocuous.

In the third part, our author considers the disease to be continued, and even increased, in the circulating mass, and that the product of sores is actually poisonous. With these, many analogous considerations of importance are conjoined; and the whole, we think, forms a performance truly respectable. The author speaks with firmness, but with modesty; sometimes with confidence, but never with a petulant pertness. He opposes Mr. Hunter with arguments and facts, not with wild and wanton assertions.

ART. 26.—*Résultats de l'Inoculation de la Vaccine, &c.*

The Results of the Inoculation of the Vaccine, in the Departments of the Meurthe, the Meuse, the Vosges, and Upper Rhine; preceded by a preliminary Discourse, and followed by the Effects of Vaccination in other Animals. By Louis Valentin, M.D. &c. &c. 8vo. De Boffe.

We have perused this work with peculiar satisfaction. The preliminary discourse contains a candid and excellent history of the origin and progress of vaccination, and places the disputed points of spurious vaccina, &c. on a just foundation. The candour of the author is peculiarly conspicuous, as he had lately published a work in defence of variolous inoculation. His answers to the opponents of vaccination are truly satisfactory. This part of the work well merits a popular translation by some of the members of the Jennerian Society.

The results of the author's practice merit particular attention: but these we cannot abridge. The most interesting respect the concurrence of vaccina with variola; in which, the infection of small-pox,

concurring with that of vaccina, seems not to influence the progress of the latter; nor do they seem materially to affect each other. None of the subjects vaccinated experienced the small-pox on inoculation.

The vaccina may be communicated to dogs, goats, asses, and sheep; and the matter from them will produce, the author tells us, the original disease in man. This disease, after passing through different animals, is found to be still a security against small-pox: but it does not appear that the virus is effectual, when transmitted from one animal to another, without passing through the human body. With respect to the power of vaccination in preserving dogs from the distemper, our author's trials furnish nothing satisfactory.

ART. 27.—*Observations on Dr. Pearson's Examination of the Report of the Vaccine Pock Committee of the House of Commons, concerning Dr. Jenner's Claim for Remuneration.* By Thomas Creaser. 8vo. 2s. Robinsons. 1803.

Neither opposition nor conciliation—for both have been employed—can move us from the points for which we early contended, and the opinions which we yet hold. We still say, that the first view of the subject, by Dr. Jenner, was unfavourable; and, in the state of the facts then communicated there was more reason to hesitate than to adopt the plan. We continue to think, that the step, from the naturally communicated disease, to inoculation, was not so important as to justify the title of Discoverer, and the fulsome inflated language of Dr. Jenner's sanguine admirers. We must also add, that if the practice have attained a solid basis, and become a real object of imitation, it is more owing to Dr. Woodville and Dr. Pearson, than to Dr. Jenner.

In our author's 'Observations,' every thing is caught at which can add to Dr. Jenner's character, and lessen the value of Dr. Pearson's labours. Every preceding step is depreciated, to render Dr. Jenner's discovery more brilliant. We believe that vaccine inoculation had been before practised: but we have no reason to suppose that it was known to Dr. Jenner; and, when lessening the splendor of the discovery, we have only contended that the step was so easy, as to claim no extraordinary commendation. The fact was established; and, with the knowledge, the means were easy.

A short account of our own remains to be settled; for we have spoken in commendation of Dr. Pearson's labours, while we have lessened the vast merits of Dr. Jenner. The high tone of Mr. Creaser requires, however, a little lowering. He speaks of instances 'parallel, in point of misrepresentation, prejudice, and injustice,' to the present criticism, and quotes our account of Dr. Parry's Treatise on Angina Pectoris. Let this *aged experienced* author bring forward his objections; and we will prove, even from the present tract, that he is a very inadequate judge of a common medical question. On the point he alludes to, we felt ourselves peculiarly clear; and our opinions are before the public, as well as Dr. Parry's. If they decide against us, we must submit; but, so far as the public have yet spoken, it is not in favour of Dr. Parry. We never have deemed ourselves infallible, or refused advice, or even reproof: but, if *laudari a laudato viro* be peculiarly gratifying, we shall not be highly mortified by reprehension from an author neither commended nor even known.

On the subject of Dr. Jenner, we have nothing to add, but shall copy a short paragraph.

'The reviewer observes, "our remarks, however, will only be valuable as they are supported by facts and arguments." On no other ground would I join issue with him; and in so doing, it is with the full freedom of remark and the perfect equality of feeling which I should entertain towards any other individual: he says, "it was a well-known fact in many counties, that when persons had been infected by milking a cow with these peculiar eruptions, they were incapable of receiving the infection of small-pox. Where then is the distinction? The constitution can receive it from touching the sores, and may of course receive it by inserting the matter under the skin. To call this a discovery, is a mockery, an abuse of words." In this shameful and illiberal denial of merit, the reviewer outstrips even the opinions of his author. Dr. P. has constantly allowed the vaccine inoculation to be a discovery, though he has refused, in its fullest sense, to Dr. J. the title of its discoverer. Is it necessary for me to explain, or to insist on a truth so obvious, as that, whatever pathological analogy might infer, the demonstration by actual experiment of the phenomena and effects of its inoculation, the important observation that its properties were not lessened by transmission, and above all the detection of its anomalies, constitute, to all intents and purposes, a discovery; a spirit the most adverse to liberal allowance could alone contest it. It matters not how close the preceding state of knowledge bore upon the experiment; it had not been previously made, at least to Dr. J.'s knowledge. Numerous discoveries have been brought to the very borders of their developement, long before they were hit on. Most of the facts in chemistry, entitled discoveries, were preceded by former ones, which left barely room to advance without detecting them. Had our English philosophers employed an envelope of sufficient specific lightness, they would have been the discoverers of aërostation. So it was with Dr. Jenner, he went forward a single step, but this was the necessary advance, and in it consisted strictly and legitimately the fact of discovery.' P. 78.

We are willing, in this instance, again to copy our own words, to observe how far they can be tortured by opposition, and in what the extraordinary discovery consists. The child who has not touched the candle, knows not that it will burn; and therefore, by touching it, makes the discovery that fire is hot! Every milk-maid knew that the cow-pox would infect: but Dr. Jenner did not; and he is a discoverer!! Mr. Creaser, however, admits that Dr. Jenner's friends do not 'require the character of a philosopher of the first magnitude; but only ask for him the allowance of *fortunate* talent, of physiological skill, of acute ingenuity, and laudable disinterestedness.' The first and last are only concerned in this question; and we will allow Dr. Jenner, if our author please, good fortune and disinterestedness.

EDUCATION.

ART. 28.—*The Village Library; intended for the Use of young Persons. By Miss Gunning. 12mo. 2s. Boards. Crosby. 1802.*

A collection of eleven amusing tales, with suitable reflexions.

ART. 29.—*A Short View of the natural History of the Earth. Designed for the Instruction and Amusement of young Persons. By H. E. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Boards. Harris. 1802.*

This little compendium may answer the author's intention of rendering such youthful minds as peruse it restless after further information. Unless it have this effect, its brevity will not permit us to say that it can be very useful.

ART. 30.—*The History of Man, in a savage and civilized State. Written in a familiar Stile, and adapted to the Capacities of Youth. Being Vol. I. of the Minor's Magazine. 12mo. 2s. Boards. Tegg and Castleman.*

The proprietors of this magazine do not inform the public, in their advertisement, what is to be the extent or the subjects of their future volumes: but, if they be careful to make them equal the specimen before us, we think the collection will be serviceable to the rising generation.

ART. 31.—*The Poor Child's Friend; or, Familiar Lessons adapted to the Capacities of all Ranks of Children. 12mo. 6d. Bound. Baldwin.*

It is hardly necessary to write different first lessons for the rich and the poor. Children of that early age know little of the images contained in books: the words are all that it is necessary to teach them.

ART. 32.—*Marvellous Adventures; or, the Vicissitudes of a Cat. In which are Sketches of the Characters of the different young Ladies and Gentlemen into whose Hands Grimalkin came. By Mrs. Pilkington. 12mo. 2s. Boards. Vernor and Hood. 1802.*

Grimalkin's history will entertain the child, and occasionally lead him to some important conclusions.

ART. 33.—*The Guardian Angel. From the German of Augustus Von Kotzebue. A Story for Youth. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Boards. Vernor and Hood. 1802.*

The contents of this little volume will be the more interesting to youth, when they read a note at the beginning saying that the events actually took place between the years 1760 and 1766.

POETRY.

ART. 34.—*Tales of Superstition and Chivalry. 8vo. 4s. Boards. Vernor and Hood. 1802.*

The language of these Tales is made up of imitations, chiefly from Mr. Scott's and Dr. Leyden's ballads, and the poems of Mr. Wordsworth. 'Omne ignotum pro magnifico,' should have been the motto: the author has heard that obscurity is one source of the sublime, and has therefore veiled his sublimity in impenetrable darkness. He has perceived how rapidly good poets connect their narratives, and this also he has imitated; but, with great originality, has contrived to leap

over, not the dull parts, but what would in ordinary hands have formed the main action. The beginning of every poem excites expectation of something very great : when the explanation should come, we are always reminded of the country-schoolmistress—What, can't you spell the word, you little dunce? well, then, skip it and go on!"

To evince the justice of our censure, we will analyse one of these poems. A ship is becalmed near the island of Seäm, and the crew are all terrified by 'a sound that stoppeth not, like the shrieks of a soul in woe!' Father Paul, a monk of Einsidlin, is on board, and he terrifies them still more, by his account of their danger.

" He told them, he remember'd once
A father of St. Thomas' tower,
Who never had bow'd before the cross
Till he touch'd his dying hour.

" That then he named to the priest
What he had seen in Seäm's caves,
For he had reach'd them in a ship
When that calm was on the waves!

" Thro' the sleepless nights of thirty months,
He had listen'd to that shriek of woe:
But he never had seen the prophetess
Of the oracle below!

" Till that chilly night, at the equinox height,
When the thirty months were gone,
As he listen'd, in the outer cave,
To that unbroken groan,

" A hand, he saw not, dragg'd him on,
The voice within had call'd his name!
And he told all he witnessed
At the oracle of flame!

" But when he came to tell, at last,
What fearful sacrifice had bled,
His agony began anew,
And he could not raise his head!

" And he never spoke again at all,
For he died that night in sore dismay:
So sore, that all were tranc'd for hours
That saw his agony!

" And he told not how he left the cave
When that dreadful sacrifice was o'er;
But some have thought he was preserv'd
By the crucifix he wore!

" And some have thought he had bent his knee
At Seäm's dark, unhallow'd shrine;
And that might be his agony
When they rais'd the blessed sign!" P. 23.

The vessel is lost, and only father Paul remains alive in the cave : he is dragged into the inner cave by the oracle of flame. The prophetess stretches her hand from behind the veil, and points to him to lay aside his crucifix. Father Paul remembers then the man whom he had seen die in such agony ; and he felt that recollection more terrible than the terrors of the cave. What, then, did father Paul do ?—here the author skips and goes on.

‘ That monk was never seen again,
Till forty years were pass’d, or more ;
’Twas in the aisle of Einsidlin
As even-prayer was o’er ;

‘ The priest had clos’d the service-rite,
For the eve of Holy Ghost ;
He was seated in the upper choir,
’Twas the feast of Pentecost :

‘ When he saw a monk, by the altar-rail,
Kneel down upon the step to pray ;
The dying lights were glimmering,
And all had gone away :

‘ The priest descended from the choir,
By the lamp that burn’d on the wall,
And he look’d on that uncover’d face,
’Twas the holy father Paul !

‘ He stood like one in trance, to gaze
Upon that mild and sacred head ;
Forty years had pass’d away
Since he was with the dead.

‘ Forty years had pass’d away
Since the ship had struck on Seäm’s steep ;
And every soul that breathed there
Had perish’d in the deep !

‘ In all that time, if he liv’d still,
That none should see the father Paul,
It awed the priest of Einsidlin,
And he could not speak at all !

‘ The aged monk had left the aisle,
And the dying tapers sink and fail ;
All, but the lights on the high altar,
And they are dim and pale :

‘ The priest was still by the altar-rail
On the morn of Holy Ghost ;
When the bell was done for matin prayers,
At the feast of Pentecost.’ P. 34.

And here the poem ends.

There was once a painter, who painted one daub of red, and called it the passage of the Israelites over the Red Sea. ‘ Where are the Is-

raelites?' asked a critic.—'All safely got over.'—'But where are the Egyptians?'—'Where should they be?' replied the painter: 'all drowned, to be sure.' Our author's ballads are like the picture of the Red Sea.

ART. 35.—*The Triumphs of Poesy: a Poem.* By J. C. Hubbard, A. M. Author of *Jacobinism*, &c. 4to. 2s. 6d. Nicol. 1803.

The design of the author, in this little poem, is to characterise a few of the most eminent of the Greek, Latin, and English poets. This he has done with a richness of language, and a swell of versification, which we do not often meet with. We quote the opening stanzas.

' At length, descending from her car of flame,
That roll'd triumphant o'er the land and deep,
Britannia quits the blood-stain'd fields of fame,
And bids the thunders of the battle sleep;
Thunders, that hurl'd their aggravated roar
O'er India's clime remote, and Egypt's burning shore.

' Fresh on her brow the immortal wreath is seen,
By Valour fix'd, and Freedom's fingers wove:
More pure its tints than spring's primeval green,
More sweet its odours than the breath of Love!
O'er her white cliffs seraphic harps resound,
While Echo wafts the notes her raptur'd shores around.

' The heroic bands, that first spontaneous rose,
Confess'd at once their country's pride and shield,
That hung terrific on her host of foes,
And burn'd to bleed in Glory's arduous field,
With duteous love around the goddess throng,
Hail her approving eye, and catch the aerial song.

' The imperial banner, waving o'er her head,
Full to the sun the mystic cross displays;
For this she rush'd to arms, for this she bled,
On this, in battle, fix'd her ardent gaze;
This nerv'd her arm, and, as it hover'd near,
Wing'd with resistless fate the lightning of her spear.

' When, late, insulted by unheard-of crimes,
Fair Faith from Gaul's barbarian coast withdrew,
Abash'd, forlorn, through Europe's tainted climes
She fled, and flying heard the fiends pursue;
Heard the wild scream, the accumulating yell,
Of Murder, scowling round, and Rapine, hot from hell.

' But soon to Albion's happy isle retir'd,
Whose righteous sceptre guards the public weal.
Her gallant sons the heaven-born maid inspir'd
With matchless skill, and ever-during zeal;
With zeal, the madness of the storm to brave,
And skill, from felon-hands their blood-bought rights to save.' p.1.

Who would suppose that these stanzas were the commencement of a poem upon the Triumphs of Poesy?

CRIT. REV. Vol, 38. May, 1803.

I

ART. 36.—*Poems, inscribed to the right honourable Lord Viscount Dudley and Ward; having a Reference to his Lordship's beautiful Seat of Himley; by Luke Booker, LL.D.* 4to. 2s. Hurst.

‘ To the right honourable lord viscount Dudley and Ward.
‘ My Lord,

‘ Insensible were I of kindness, and unsusceptible of impression from the beauties of nature, to have been honoured with so much of the former by your lordship, and to have had so many opportunities of surveying the latter in the fine park of Himley, did I not feel, enkindled within me, many a grateful and pleasurable emotion.—Behold, my lord, the proofs that I have felt them, in the attendant inspirations of my Muse. These are presented to your lordship as so many wild flowers culled in your own demesne,—manifesting the exquisite beauty of the scene in which they grew, rather than the skill of the person who braided them together.’ P. iii.

Lord Dudley and Ward is the hero, or rather the Mæcnas, of these poems. Mæcnas is the title of the eclogue.

‘ —He, when winter comes in storms and cold,
Is to the poor a father; to the old
A solace; to the widow lorn—a friend :
Such, did his arm in want's dark hour defend.
With copious food he famish'd hundreds fed,
Who, ev'ry sabbath-morn were seen to tread
The winding pathways to his princely gate ;
Where, to assuage the woes of adverse fate,
His weekly dole was bountifully giv'n,
Blessing his heart with foretaste high of heav'n.
—We, Arcas, in the humble happy band,
Have oft receiv'd the largess of his hand,—
Largess, apportion'd to the sacred-day,
When, for the donor, each at church would pray ;
Thence, home return'd, with hearts embued by Heav'n,
How sweet the meal by good Mæcnas giv'n !
That meal by heedful cleanliness prepar'd,
And by our little smiling offspring shar'd.
These, taught to know from whom the bounty came,
Would grateful lisp their benefactor's name,
Would, as fit grace, with artless tongues implore
Blessings on him who oft thus bless'd the poor.

‘ Nor did he only Hunger's wants supply,
And wipe the tear from pale Affliction's eye,
But, at cold winter-tide, our lives to save
(Drawn from his jetty mines) he fuel gave ;
Causing our humble homes, each night, to throw
A cheerful gleam athwart a waste of snow.
Round our bright fires we sung the song of joy,
Nor could the howling storm our bliss annoy.
With strains like these did ev'ry cottage ring—

“ Long live Mæcnas, and God save the king ! ” P. 5.

The scathed oak stands in the park of Mæcnas. The young oak

tree, the subject of another poem, was planted by Mæcenas: Mæcenas is the burden of every song in the book. The poetry is of that respectable mediocrity which characterises all Dr. Booker's publications.

DRAMA.

ART. 37.—*A House to be sold, a musical Piece, in two Acts. As performed at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane. By James Cobb. The Music composed and selected by Michael Kelly. 8vo. 2s. Robinsons. 1802.*

Wherever Mr. Cobb has altered the French play '*Maison à vendre*,' he has altered it for the worse. The phrases of Charles Kelson would shock the ear of a lob-lolly boy. A cable is turned to the use of a knot of spun-yarn—to *splice two people together*. 'Among the causes which have contributed to the flattering success of "*A House to be sold*," are to be numbered the exertions of the manager, the composer, and the performers.'

ART. 38.—*The Female Jacobin Club: a political Comedy, in one Act. Translated from the German of Augustus Von Kotzebue; by J. C. Siber. 12mo. 2s. Vernor and Hood.*

This little drama, no doubt, pleased well enough at the time of its birth: it seems to have been produced by the spur of occasion. A club of female Jacobins deserved to be laughed at; and the author does it pleasantly. Its day, however, is now passed.

NOVELS, &c.

ART. 39.—*The Lottery of Life, or the Romance of a Summer. By Mr. Lyttleton. 3 Vols. 12mo. 12s. Boards. Lane and Newman. 1802.*

This is a performance which has a fair claim to a mediocrity of praise. Where the author pursues the thread of his history, and relates the adventures of his principal characters, his manner is simple and impressive; yet, in his digressions, he is vague and languid. Mr. Lyttleton's thoughts on seduction are both just and pathetic: but we hope he will another time avoid the ridiculous affectation of quoting Latin scraps, in a work that is read by that class of persons only who are not likely to understand them.

ART. 40.—*Victor, or the Child of the Forest. From the French of M. Ducray-Duminil. 4 Vols. 12mo. 16s. Boards. Lane and Newman. 1802.*

In this romance, are narrated, in the most turgid language, a series of improbable events. We do not know, as we have not read the original, whether the bombast exist in the French, or is of English manufacture: we suspect both author and translator—

' par nobile fratrum.'

One or the other is also a poet: we will treat our readers with a single stanza out of four.

‘ O thou! unconscious of my ardent flame,
 Who *press* the pillow of repose above,
 Hear, ah! a moment hear my tender claim,
 And listen to the voice of hapless love!
 This blest asylum, and its master kind,
 Alas! I fly, with ev’ry care to cope;
 All that I ever lov’d I leave behind,
 Nor take one charm away—*not even hope!*”

Vol. i. p. 103.

Now, be it known to all whom it may concern, that Victor, who here intreats Clementina for a *moment's* patience, to hear a *hapless* love of which she was *unconscious*, had but a little while before made her a long declaration of it, and had received, in return, from that tender-hearted damsel, a confession of a reciprocal attachment, and an assurance that her father would not think of opposing it. Perhaps the reader, who is not so much of a versifier as to forget grammar, will observe that *press*, in the second line, ought to be *pressest*; and may condemn the pathos of the last, by observing that hope is but a very little way behind enjoyment in its sensation, *even* if it be not, where some philosophers have placed it, a good deal before it. Why will novelists render themselves doubly liable to censure, by adding to bad prose worse poetry?

ART. 41.—*The Travels of Alladin, Sultan of Egypt. An Eastern allegorical Story, from the Arabic of Hassan. Dedicated to the most noble the Marquis of Downshire.* 12mo. 4s. sewed. Nicol. 1802.

There is nothing peculiarly interesting in the sentiments of Alladin, nor any thing astonishing in his travels or adventures. The language is frequently defective.

MISCELLANEOUS LIST.

ART. 42.—*An Essay on Abstinence from Animal Food, as a moral Duty.* By Joseph Ritson. 8vo. 5s. Boards. Phillips. 1802.

This singular Essay, deformed by an affected spelling, inculcating opinions still more affected, will not probably obtain great attention. The first chapter, ‘on man,’ is filled with a vast collection of facts relating to the human race; but the chief observations which bear on the subject are designed to demonstrate that no part of our structure proves us to be carnivorous. On the other hand, animal food is shown to be unnecessary, fostering cruelty and ferocity, pernicious to the spirits and the finer feelings; while, on vegetable aliment, we are told we should be equally strong, equally corpulent, more mild, gentle, and humane. We will not send our author to a court of aldermen, or even to a chapter dinner, for converts: even in our garrets we feel inclined to oppose him; and, could we oftener command better dinners, we should enjoy them, in spite of precepts. In a more serious strain, we think the writer, with a vast extent of quotation, has not proved his position. Human nature is not in its most perfect state without

some animal food; nor capable of such long, such continued, exercise. We will, indeed, admit that other animals, whose natural food is grain, may be roused to unusual exertions, by some portion of meat mixed with it, as fighting cocks, race-horses, &c. But man, with a regular supply, feels a continued vigour, without relaxation, and without injury to his constitution. Man, it may be said, attains a mature age, when fed on vegetables: but he does the same, when he has lived on animal substances; and, among the oldest people, it will be difficult to find that any peculiar mode of life has appeared to contribute to their longevity. We have never found those who have habitually abstained from animal food possessed greater tranquillity of mind, or freedom from passion, than their neighbours who indulged in an animal diet.

ART. 43.—*Mooriana; or Selections from the moral, philosophical, and miscellaneous Works of the late Dr. John Moore. Illustrated by a new biographical and critical Account of the Doctor and his Writings; and Notes historical, classical, and explanatory, by the Rev. F. Prevost, and F. Blagdon, Esq. 2 Vols. 12mo. 9s. Boards. Crosby and Co.*

The *ana* of the neighbouring kingdom have been long known as at least amusing, if not always instructive, collections. In many instances, however, they communicate information, in the pleasing form of conversation. Our authors have a design of offering to the public an extensive series of *ana*, 'selected from the productions of the most renowned and lately deceased authors of this country, as well as those of the continent.' Are not the works of Xenophon and Plato, they remark, strictly *Socraticana*? and does not 'the most fastidious critic read with enthusiasm the Orphica, the Pythagoræa, and the *Æsopica*?' Our learning cannot keep pace with the authors; for, though we know that there were *Ορφαίκα* Scripturæ, that Henry Stephanus has preserved some passages * in his treatise *De Poësi Philosophicâ*, yet, of the other collections, we find no trace, even should they mean Pythagorica, instead of 'Pythagoræa.'

We would, however, suggest a question, whether selections from works published can be considered as of the same kind with the French *ana*. The latter are collections of the remarks that occurred in conversation—in their nature desultory, and, in some measure, unconnected—rescued from oblivion by eager admirers, or occasionally by the authors themselves. We prize them, therefore, as treasures that were hastening to the gulf of oblivion, preserved by accident, and valued in proportion to the danger they encountered in their progress. The *Memorabilia* of Xenophon are more near the table-talk of the French *ana*, and the '*Sententiæ*' of Stobæus to the present plan. In reality, the selection of passages from connected works is very different from what our authors appear to suppose. The occasional recollections of table-talk may be easily separated from any general subject: but, to separate passages from a narrative, or from a series of adventures, is to present them to the public in a very disadvantageous point

* Indeed the whole of the *Orphaica* are suspicious, and attributed to Onomacritus, who probably discovered some fragments, and added what his fancy suggested. The *Orphaic* preserved by Justin Martyr is evidently fictitious, as it treats of Abraham the Decalogue, &c.

of view. A jewel may sparkle with peculiar lustre in a given situation, while its effect may be totally lost in another; and, to come nearer to the point, the enormities of Zeluco can only be held up to view with peculiar detestation, when we behold the villain begin with killing a bird, and conclude with destroying his child. In many passages, we see the disadvantage of separation, of the injury which the liberal use of the scissors inflicts on the beauty and the spirit of different passages. The merit, indeed, of Dr. Moore's writings consists more in detached representations, than in general plans; and he therefore suffers less from this kind of mutilation, than a writer of a different character. Our editors' choice of passages, also, in general, we cannot disapprove: but of the attempt of this mode of representing an author by detached portions, we cannot speak highly.

The life of Dr. Moore, prefixed to the collection, is short, and not very satisfactory. The portrait, which precedes it, has the merit of a strong, but a somewhat harsh, likeness.

ART. 44.—*Modern Discoveries; or a Collection of Facts and Observations, principally relative to the various Branches of Natural History, resulting from the geological, &c. Researches of modern Travelers in every Quarter of the Globe. Carefully translated, prepared, and re-printed, from the Works of the most eminent Authors. By Francis Blagdon, Professor of the French, Italian, Spanish, and German Languages. 2 Vols. 12mo. 10s. royal; coloured, 14s. Ridgeway.*

The design of this collection is explained in the title; and it is but justice to add, that the editor and translator, so far as he has proceeded in the two volumes before us, seems to have completely fulfilled his promises. The works of the different travelers will be presented entire, except, 'in a very few instances only,' the condensing 'such matter in the original works, as may be conceived generally interesting.' These volumes professedly contain Denon's late splendid publication, without any mutilation—an assertion which we cannot support, as we confess that we have not engaged in the labour of collation, which, nevertheless, as far as our memory assists us, is correct. The maps are elegant and faithful, and the plates and vignettes sufficiently illustrative. They cannot claim the merit of superior elegance, as the latter are wooden cuts. To reduce, however, a work from twenty guineas to half the number of shillings, and to combine, at the latter price, elegance with accuracy, merits no common praise. The translator's preface relates to the supposed great object of Bonaparte, in the possession of Egypt; viz. to obtain an easy route for the Indian commerce, or, as a step to our Indian possessions. This object, once avowed, may be successfully opposed. The English have foiled all his schemes, as they will continue to do. All his power, his immense system of *espionage*, cannot prevent English goods from being publicly exposed to sale in his metropolis; nor will even the *honourable* mission of Sebastiani fix his memory, with any favourable impressions, in the hearts of the Egyptians. Alexandria and Jaffa will not soon be erased from their minds.—On the whole, we wish the editor success in this attempt, as he seems to have merited it by his zeal and liberality.—The translation, we observe, differs both from Mr. Aikin's

and Mr. Kendal's, in the parts which we have compared; but, that the work is wholly re-translated, we dare not affirm.

ART. 45.—*Thoughts on the Formation of the Earth. By a Farmer.* 4to. 1s. Richardson. 1802.

Our 'farmer,' if the appellation be not intended for a disguise, appears to have observed the little space to which his attention has been directed, with great sagacity. Placed in the neighbourhood of mountains abounding with marine exuviae, he 'forms' this globe very plausibly, by means of subsiding water. He has not, however, confined his views to the Welsh mountains, but has extended them to Dartmoor and to Torbay. On the whole, this may be considered as the first sketch of a self-taught Neptunian geologist, and displays very considerable sagacity and penetration. Further inquiries would extend some of his views, and correct others; nor indeed can this, in any respect, be considered as more than an outline, consisting of suspicions and probabilities.

ART. 46.—*An Essay on the Relation between the Specific Gravities and the Strengths and Values of Spirituous Liquors: with Rules for the Adaptation of Mr. Gilpin's Tables to the present Standard, and two new Tables for finding the Percentage and Concentration when the Specific Gravity and Temperature are given. By Atkins and Co. Mathematical Instrument Makers.* 4to. 5s. sewed. Cadell and Davies. 1803.

This essay contains much valuable information on the different strengths of spirituous liquors, and the use of the hygrometer, adapted, however, rather to the trader, than to the philosophical inquirer. Yet the latter may derive considerable instruction from many parts of the pamphlet; and it is the minute nature of the inquiry only, joined with its not being peculiarly interesting, that induces us only to pass over the essay with general commendation.

The tables, added to facilitate the use of Mr. Gilpin's in the Philosophical Transactions, contribute greatly to the value of the work.

ART. 47.—*An Essay on the Character and Doctrines of Socrates.* 4to. 1s. No Bookseller's Name. 1802.

This is an essay from an unsuccessful candidate for an Oxonian prize. It is not without merit; and the printing it, though it cannot in the least challenge the decision of the examiners, will do the writer no discredit.

ART. 48.—*A System of Book Keeping, on a Plan entirely new. By W. Boardman.* 4to. 5s. sewed. Seeley. 1802.

Systems of book-keeping are very numerous; and the mode of keeping accounts is very different in the various shops and 'compting-houses' of London. Mr. Jones's method served to put a large contribution into his pocket; but we do not find that it has met with much success in practice. The present plan has its advantages, and deserves the attention of those who give instructions in this branch of knowledge.

ART. 49.—*Case respecting the Maintenance of the London-Clergy, briefly stated and supported by Reference to authentic Documents.* By John Moore, LL.B. 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons. 1802.

The income of the London clergy bears no proportion to the population of their parishes; and a country-clergyman, with merely a tenth part only of the duty to perform, has often a ten times greater income than several of his brethren in town. This difference arises from the different modes of payment. In the country, it is regulated by the tithe of the produce of the land; in London, by different proportions of the house-rent, or a *modus*, settled at different times and on different principles. The first principle is that of an oblation, taken from the recommendation of St. Paul to the early converts to Christianity, to set apart their destined charity for the support of Christians on the first day of the week. This excellent custom has unfortunately ceased to exist; and its disuse is owing to popery, which, not content with the oblations on Sunday, made a pretext of introducing various holidays for the same purpose, and insisted, at last, on the payment of such oblations as a right, not as a free gift of the donor. Hence, in the times of popery, various disputes arose between the clergy and the citizens of London, on the quantum of payment, which was at last generally settled by papal bulls: but the Reformation, by invalidating their authority, weakened the power of the clergy; and the citizens took advantage of such inefficiency, and broached the doctrine, that the clergy were not entitled to rateable payments, but to specific sums chargeable on the several houses of their respective parishes. The great fire of London brought the question to an issue; and, by an act of parliament, 'the maintenance of the parochial ministers of the fifty-one churches to be restored, was fixed at certain specific sums, levied by an equal rate on the houses in their respective parishes.' Now, from the alteration of the value of money, the sum at present levied is far short of what the legislature intended to be the income of the clergyman; and hence the writer thinks there is ground for another application to the legislature. The subject is treated with great candour; and, should it ever be introduced into parliament, the work before us will claim the attention of its members. From the specimen before us, we hope to hear that the writer meets with encouragement in a prospective work, which he thus announces:—'A new Edition of Walton's "Treatise on the Payment of Tithes in London," with Notes, and a Continuation by the Editor,' in one volume quarto, at twenty-five shillings. The work to be sent to press, as soon as there are two hundred and fifty subscribers.